FILE

THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

Japan Argues Her Case — *Hallett Abend*

Hungary, Beware! — *Count Stephen Bethlen*

This Summer of Grace — *Pertinax*

Behind the Moscow Impasse — *Robert Dell*

Silver—Mexico's Nemesis — *Agustin Aguiar Almada*

Decline of the West — *Edmond Vermeil*

Scientists' Pandora Box — *August Piccard*

Nijinski Revisited — *Serge Lifar*

The World Over — The American Scene — Letters and the Arts
Books Abroad — Notes and Comments — Miscellany

$6 a Year — *August, 1939* — 50¢ a Copy

ESTABLISHED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A Brief and Incisive Picture of the Dry-Rot Beneath the English Throne"

—*SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE*

NEW YORK TIMES

"One of the coolest and most eloquent denunciations of His Majesty's present government that we have . . . The Löhrkes are neither cynical nor shocked . . . they are trying to fathom the group mentality behind Neville Chamberlain's decisions . . . in terms of their personal experience."

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NEWS

"*Night Over England* is not simply another book on the international situation. It has literary quality, that something in thought and style which is beyond the moment and which makes it possible to imagine people in a different time reading it with the same sad emotions one feels today."

NIGHT OVER ENGLAND

By Eugene and Arline Löhrke

HARRY ELMER BARNES

"A really masterly indictment of Tory Britain and the Chamberlain Government. It is also a body blow to the Common Front illusion. It is doubtful if the British Tories make a prettier picture than the Nazis at their worst. They are certainly not worth preserving at the price of American blood."

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

"The importance of this book, which contains the most revealing analysis of English character to appear in recent years, arises from a combination of sympathy and restraint. The Löhrkes portray the British attitude to the September crisis fully and understandingly."

Price: $2.00

200 pages. Order from your bookstore or write to the publishers

HARRISON-HILTON BOOKS, INC.

420 Madison Avenue — New York City

LA-8

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who Says It's a Good Book?

WHEN Allan Nevins recommends a biography . . . When Ruth McKenney praises a book on industrial conflict . . . When Elmer Davis speaks highly of a history book . . . When Varian Fry lauds a book on European politics . . . When Joseph Henry Jackson or William Rose Benét hail a great new novel . . . Then you can be sure your money is well spent on these books.

For *The Saturday Review of Literature* chooses its reviewers expertly, taking care that each book is discussed by a man who specializes in his field, and whose opinions and breadth of knowledge are generally respected.

And you may be sure that *The Saturday Review* never misses a good book! If you want to know what to read on a vacation; what are the latest detective novels; what you should read about foreign affairs, or Roosevelt, or humor — don't waste time . . . go to *The Saturday Review!*

★ ★ ★

ARTICLES TO APPEAR IN *THE SATURDAY REVIEW:*

The Small Town in Literature
by Carl Van Doren

Dreams and Imagination
by Walter de la Mare

"Doctor" Books
by Logan Clendening

The Old Farmers' Almanac
by Della T. Lutes

Writers' Conferences
by Carl Carmer

★ ★ ★

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

INTRODUCTORY OFFER — $1 for 16 Weeks

Mail This Coupon Today!

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
420 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

I would like an introductory subscription to *The Saturday Review* for 16 weeks. I enclose $1.00.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City and State . . . . . .

LA-8

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the Tip of Your Tongue!

TEST YOUR MEMORY!

How many answers to these questions on last year's events do you know?

Check

- ☐ *When did Hitler enter Austria?*
- ☐ *What cities has Japan conquered in China?*
- ☐ *When did the French Popular Front Government fall?*
- ☐ *Who was President of Loyalist Spain in 1938?*
- ☐ *Who was Premier of Czechoslovakia when Hitler entered the Sudetenland?*
- ☐ *What was the Changkufeng incident?*
- ☐ *Who is Kemal Ataturk's successor?*
- ☐ *What was the Conference of Evian?*
- ☐ *For what office did Gerald B. Winrod run?*
- ☐ *What change of government did Chile experience last year?*

THE WORLD OVER 1938

A Living Age Annual

Edited by Joseph Hilton Smyth and Charles Angoff. 590 pages; fully indexed. Bound in durable cloth. Price $4.00.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

HARRISON-HILTON BOOKS, INC. LA-8
420 Madison Avenue, New York City
Please send me a copy of THE WORLD OVER: 1938.

☐ I enclose $4. ☑ Bill me.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

How often has it happened to you? . . . Some date, some little fact, some figure . . . needed right then and there . . . It's on the tip of your tongue . . . And then it's gone! . . . The harder you try to remember it, the further it recedes into the distance.

THE WORLD OVER: 1938 is a life saver at such moments. You can turn instantly to the country and the exact date you need. This volume, lightweight in spite of its 590 pages, contains, month by month throughout 1938, the events which happened in every country in the world. In addition there is a detailed, concise commentary for each country, interrelating the events and giving life to the entire chronology. A full index makes this handsome book the simplest thing in the world to use.

Test yourself with the questions at the right. How many answers do you really know? Yet each event appeared in the news headlines in 1938 — happenings of world-wide significance which affected our own lives. This interesting little test will show you how important it is to have an easy-to-use reference book, in which the minutiae of current history are recorded — *the things you've got to know when you need them!*

★ ★ ★

Here is what people are saying about THE WORLD OVER: 1938:

THE WORLD OVER: 1938 *is an amazingly interesting and useful book. You have accomplished the impossible in making a chronology vivid and interesting. . . . I hope that you will make this an annual publication.* — DR. HARRY ELMER BARNES, *Noted Historian.*

Certainly THE WORLD OVER: 1938 *is an extremely timely and effective summary for thinking men and women of the salient events of a catastrophic year.* — DR. WILLIAM TERRY, *Editor, Chronicle of World Affairs, League of Nations Association.*

h d

HARRISON-HILTON BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS
for August, 1939

THE WORLD OVER 501
THIS SUMMER OF GRACE ..... *Pertinax* 508
IN THE MARKETPLACE
I. SILVER—MEXICO'S NEMESIS ..... *Agustin Aguiar Almada* 511
II. BRITISH THUMB IN NAZI PIE ..... *Hans Behrend* 514
III. WHOSE MONEY IN SPAIN? ..... *Campanella* 517
WITH THE SATIRISTS
I. 'CITIZEN, KINDLY HANG UP!' ..... *Yevgenii Petrov* 520
II. SIEG HEIL: 1941 ..... *Verax* 522
III. LES INDIFFÉRENTS ..... *R. Tréno* 524
JAPAN ARGUES HER CASE ..... *Hallett Abend* 526
EXCURSION (A Story) ..... *Winifred Williams* 533
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
MERCURY FROM DOWNING STREET ..... *A. B.* 539
NIJINSKI REVISITED ..... *Serge Lifar* 540
VIRGINIO GAYDA ..... *Frank Gervasi* 543
BEHIND THE MOSCOW IMPASSE ..... *Robert Dell* 546
SCIENTISTS' PANDORA BOX ..... *August Piccard* 550
TOPICS OF THE TIMES
I. THE PHILIPPINES STOPS TO REFLECT ..... *Vicente Abano Pacis* 553
II. HUNGARY, BEWARE! ..... *Count Stephen Bethlen* 555
III. DIGGING IN AT GIBRALTAR ..... *K. S. Robson* 556
DECLINE OF THE WEST ..... *Edmond Vermeil* 559
MISCELLANY
I. NEWSPAPER WOMAN: FRENCH STYLE ..... *Geneviève Tabouis* 563
II. TECHNIQUE OF READING ..... *F. J. Schonell* 566
III. BLOOD-SPORTS AND HYPOCRISY ..... *Major C. S. Jarvis* 568
THE AMERICAN SCENE 571
AS OTHERS SEE US 575
LETTERS AND THE ARTS 577
NOTES AND COMMENTS 582
BOOKS ABROAD 584
OUR OWN BOOKSHELF 589
INDEX i

THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City. Editor: Joseph Hilton Smyth; Associate Editors: R. Norden, L. Cores. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Canada, $6.50. Foreign, $7.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1939, by The Living Age Company, Inc., New York, New York. Joseph H. Smyth, President; Harrison Smith, Vice President; Irvine Harvey Williams, Secretary and Treasurer.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

Subscribers are requested to send notices of changes of address three weeks before they are to take effect. Failure to send such notices will result in the incorrect forwarding of the next copy and delay in its receipt. Old and new addresses must both be given.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUIDE POST

PERTINAX, the well-known commentator on world affairs, whose articles appear regularly in *Europe Nouvelle* and *Ordre*, believes that the coming months of 1939 may yet turn out to be the most critical ones in this year of crises. [p. 508]

THE three articles in our section entitled 'In the Marketplace' have all been written by authors with an axe to grind. In 'Silver—Mexico's Nemesis,' Agustin Aguiar Almada pleads Mexico's case for the continuance of United States' silver purchases. [p. 511] The next two articles are written by German émigré authors; the first reveals to what extent British high finance is economically interested in pushing toward a rapprochement with Germany [p. 514]; while the second, writing under a pseudonym, predicts that Spain, as so often before, will prove a bad investment for democratic and totalitarian investors alike. [p. 517]

THE section entitled 'With the Satirists' is written by three men who take a lighter view of things. Yevgenii Petrov, the surviving member of the famous Russian team of humorists, Ilf and Petrov, contributes a rueful account of a stay in a Soviet hotel which obviously has not yet been touched by the 'Stakhanovite' efficiency campaign. [p. 520] The next article is a fanciful prophesy of what Hitler might say in 1941 [p. 522], and the last one, taken from the *Canard Enchaîné*, the political *New Yorker* of Paris, obliges with the usual amusingly disrespectful comment on the rulers of French destiny. [p. 524]

HALLETT Abend, who wrote 'Japan Argues Her Case,' [p. 526] has spent many years in the Far East as a *New York Times* correspondent. He is the author of *Tortured China*, and *Can China Survive?* the last in collaboration with Anthony Billingham.

OUR story this month is that of a school 'Excursion' that began in an atmosphere of emotionalism and inhibition and ended in a minor catastrophe. [p. 533]

'BEHIND the Moscow Impasse' is another article from the pen of the well-known foreign correspondent, Robert Dell, who here tells something of the little known reasons for the atmosphere of mutual distrust in which the Anglo-Russian talks have been conducted. [p. 546]

THE name of August Piccard is generally associated with his flights into the stratosphere, and more recently with the tests in the opposite element, the bathysphere. In 'Scientists' Pandora Box,' this versatile scientist discusses the progress made in obtaining energy from matter. [p. 550]

IN 'Topics of the Times,' we have combined three very timely articles. 'The Philippines Stops to Reflect' is by Vicente Albano Pacís, the editor of the *Philippine Herald*. The article itself is characteristic of the mood of the Filipino intelligentsia in the crucial period before their country comes of age. It has been widely circulated and reprinted in the Philippines. [p. 553] Count Bethlen, the author of the second article, and former Prime Minister of Hungary, has remained a powerful force. At the last national election he refused to run on the ground that the Hungarian Government was already too strongly under Nazi influence. The article, 'Hungary, Beware!', which we have condensed from *Pesti Napló*, brought about a storm of indignation from Government officials. [p. 555] K. S. Robson, discussing 'Digging in at Gibraltar,' may be remembered

(*Continued on page 592*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

August, 1939 *Volume 356, Number 4475*

The World Over

A FAINT HOPE OF 'PEACE IN OUR TIME' still persists in the gloom of European politics. But many, looking beyond the immediate alarums and excursions into a bleak future, are asking soberly just what that future holds. The answers are not encouraging. It is true that in crisis after crisis Armageddon has been postponed, but in the postponing nothing fundamental has been settled.

What if the Danzig problem is eliminated without a conflict? Then, if Germany takes over the Free City, the Polish Corridor and all Poland will tempt the Nazi appetite.

If, on the other hand, the status of Danzig as an independent port for Polish trade is confirmed, Hitler must find new flesh to throw before a people fed on victories.

He already has plans to undermine Poland from the south. Under this scheme nominally independent Slovakia and the Carpatho-Ukraine, held by Hungary at Hitler's pleasure, would be used as a base from which to stir up trouble in the Polish Ukraine. The final objective would be to detach the Russian Ukraine from the Soviet Union.

What if Chamberlain and Daladier win over the Soviet Union, thus completing their anti-aggression front? That will only mean a 'final' lining up of Powers, with the possible Sarajevos of the next war dotted all over Europe, Asia and Africa.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What if France and Italy settle the question of Italy's Mediterranean ambitions? If this should be done by concessions, then Mussolini's position would be so strong that new demands would revive his rivalry with Britain. On the other hand, if Il Duce were to lose this hand, internal pressures would make it imperative for him to take aggressive action elsewhere.

What if Spain, in dire need of funds following civil war losses, were to desert the Fascist powers and turn to the wealthier western democracies?

Since Hitler and Mussolini would not dare to take such a defeat lying down, this step in itself might touch off the great explosion.

What if Japan and China end their undeclared war by agreement? Barring the improbable collapse of the Japanese economic structure, this could only mean Japanese domination. Resultant efforts by the Japanese to curb British and other Western interests and to checkmate the Soviet Union might easily provoke a bigger war on the heels of such a peace. If Britain and Russia joined to block Japan, then Hitler and Mussolini would at once see an opportunity to play ducks and drakes with Europe and Africa.

The objective individuals who pose such questions and give such answers well know that leaders on both sides in Europe would state the possibilities differently.

But for the Nazi-Fascist dream of complete dominion won without war, they have only a shrug and an outline of increasing Anglo-French preparations for ultimate conflict.

And for the typical British 'muddle-through' attitude, based on the hope that economic difficulties or revolutions will bring collapse in Germany, Italy and/or Japan, they have even less patience. They point out that such events were forecast for the years in which the totalitarian Powers have had easy victories.

But the bitterest answer of the cold logicians of pessimism is reserved for the suggestion that if the dangers of another summer can be evaded, ordinary financial common-sense will force an end of the ruinous armaments race. With devastating precision, they recall the failure of arms limitation efforts before suspicions and fears had been whipped up to their present state.

Even more ominously, they flatly declare that political leaders in most countries, as contrasted with the common man, are more afraid of the economic consequences of ending compulsory military training and the arms manufacturing boom than they are of war itself.

The only satisfactory answer to all this is that throughout history logic's gaunt face has been much the same, while illogical man has survived and even, some say, progressed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ANALOGY between Nazi strategy and procedure with respect to Danzig, which has an area substantially smaller than Dutchess County in New York State, and that employed almost precisely a year ago with Czecho-Slovakia, is one that is painfully apparent, at least for those of us who, in a cataclysmic world, are able to remember what occurred twelve months ago. About that time, the German Sudeten leader Konrad Henlein hurried obediently to Berlin for a jingoistic shot-in-the-arm, and a bellicose tonic generally, at the hands of Marshal Göring; to make his 'recovery' permanent from the state of jitters into which he had been thrown by the doughty Czechs, he was then rudely propelled south to Berchtesgaden for a final 'readying' by the Führer himself. Thereafter, without further ado, the debacle: the pistol at Chamberlain's head, the German ultimatum to Prague, mobilization, Munich and its bitter aftermath.

Now, a gentleman named Albert Förster, whose boiling-point is even lower than Henlein's, has been subjected to the identical conditioning. Förster is Danzig's Nazi leader, the Free State Führer. Early in June he was summoned to Berlin for a spine-stiffening interview with the saber-rattling Göring. In mid-July he was pushed on to Berchtesgaden for an ultimate, post-graduate inoculation of the pan-Germanic virus. The sole—but telling—comment of the Foreign Office, at the conclusion of that Nazi pep-session, was that 'fundamentally the Danzig problem is settled.'

There appears, unfortunately, little cause to doubt the accuracy of that laconic remark. The preponderantly German Danzig, pre-War capital of West Prussia, is to experience the fate of Czecho-Slovakia, never a German land. Storm troops and Reichswehr officers in mufti are pouring into the Free City. Momentarily, as was the case a year ago, Hitler is making a divertive gesture in the direction of Trieste, the pre-War Austrian port of the Adriatic, some 800 miles from Danzig; a year ago, applying the finishing touches to the plans for the invasion of Czecho-Slovakia, the Führer again aroused Europe with his howls anent Memel (subsequently annexed to the Reich, it may be remembered).

If the fate of Danzig is 'fundamentally settled,' it remains to be seen how that settlement is to be accomplished. There is not the slimmest reason to hope that Hitler will place the acquisition of Danzig on the diplomatic shelf; he cannot afford to. Large numbers of the German military, 30,000 university students, the Hitler Youth organizations and various labor battalions are already well under way with the East Prussian harvest, clearing the way, economically and militarily, for eventualities; others are engaged in none too secret smuggling of arms and munitions over the East Prussian frontier, a violation toward which Warsaw appears singularly apathetic: inevitably, the query arises, is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poland tacitly abetting the explosion in Danzig, believing that today the part of long-range wisdom is to bring down her allies Britain and France, and perhaps Russia, on a Nazi clique become intolerably avaricious?

Whatever may be Warsaw's tactics, no reasonably perceptive observer can fail to see that the storm is about to break over Danzig. That unquestionably at this hour the lives of millions of soldiers and civilians rest in the prehensile hands of Hitler, and in the palsied grasp of Chamberlain and Daladier, will serve as no cure for the world's current insomnia.

WITH TWO YEARS OF WAR behind them, the Japanese operations in China had reached an international impasse as the third year of the Sino-Japanese conflict was ushered in on July 11. The British had been confined behind the barricades of their concession in Tientsin since June 14, and there was every indication that similar trouble was brewing in the Shanghai sector. Anglo-Japanese negotiations concerning the Tientsin dispute were delayed in Tokyo, where Sir Robert Craigie, the Ambassador to Japan, insisted that the talks be confined only to the problems at Tientsin. The Japanese Foreign Office, however, declared that it was necessary to discuss 'broader issues,' including foreign rights in China and the bitterly resented British support of Chiang Kai-shek, which, Tokyo asserted, was delaying Japan's program for building a 'New Order in East Asia.'

That difficulties loomed largely ahead even before the talks got under way was apparent when a War Office spokesman excoriated the British policy of 'pulling the wires of London's and Moscow's puppet, Chiang Kai-shek, from behind the scenes' because 'Great Britain seems to be in mortal fear of losing her present hold on China.' Military authorities in Tientsin added fuel to the verbal fire when they demanded that the British cease aiding the Chungking régime and help Tokyo follow out its intended policy of 'construction instead of destruction' in China. At the same time, the Provisional Government in Peking issued a statement declaring that the Anglo-French concessions in Tientsin had forfeited their privileges when the concessions had been 'misused as a base for political intrigues by the Chiang régime.'

Suddenly, at Nanking, which has jurisdiction over the Shanghai area, it was recalled that at the first Congress of the Chinese Nationalist (Kuomintang) Party held in 1924, a manifesto had been issued demanding the abolition of all unequal treaties as the first objective of China's new foreign policy. It was also pointed out that there is still on record in Nanking a decree which unilaterally abrogated extraterritorial privileges of all foreigners as from January, 1930.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recollection of the manifestoes and decrees—which the Powers so far had studiously overlooked—apparently had an immediate repercussion among the Chinese themselves. The anniversary of the present Sino-Japanese dispute was also the 100th anniversary of the infamous Opium War, always observed by the Chinese as a 'National Shame Day.' Neutral observers in Tientsin declared that the anti-British demonstrations were no different than those of other years. This observation was more or less borne out when it was noted that residents of Tientsin's Chinese quarter had dusted off the same banners and mottoes against the British that they had been carrying every year before the Sino-Japanese outbreak.

Trouble also started in the French Concession in Shanghai the day after Tonkinese police halted Chinese demonstrators who were attempting to deliver handbills demanding the ejection of all 'foreign devils,' while at Tsingtao a mob of Chinese stoned the British Consulate. Anti-foreignism has long been rampant in China, the Taiping and Boxer rebellions being the most notorious of all the many uprisings against outside nationals. The 'forgotten' Kuomintang decree, intended to abrogate extraterritoriality after January, 1930, was itself the result of a long series of demonstrations against foreigners. The British had been forced to turn over their concession in Hankow after a 'bandit army' forcibly seized it on January 4, 1927; and later Nationalist troops of the Wuhan Government entered Nanking and systematically looted and fired the homes of foreigners, who were rescued only after British and American gunboats bombarded the city. In 1930, Chinese antipathy forced Britain to turn back its leases at Weihaiwei.

Thus, the anti-foreign attitude of the Chinese is more of a hindrance than a help to the Japanese in China today, for the reason that any anti-foreign demonstration is blamed on them at a time when they are having their own difficulties with the Powers. This hate of foreigners—which is a tenet handed down from Confucius in 500 B.C., and which is one of the principles of the Kuomintang Party founded by Sun Yat-sen and inherited by Chiang Kai-shek—in all probability will seriously hamper the settlement of the Tientsin, Shanghai and Amoy disputes between Japan and the British and French, for it is a two-edged sword to be used by the Chinese against both the Japanese and the Westerners.

ELECTION DAY IS ROLLING AROUND for two Latin American countries—in Costa Rica, where it will be peaceful; and in Cuba, where it will be turbulent and possibly not observed at all. The four-year term of President Leon Cortés Castro is now drawing to a close in Costa Rica, the sole remaining Central American democracy and which, unlike its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turbulent neighbors, has hardly suffered internal bloodshed for more than 80 years. Dr. Rafael Calderón de la Guardia and Don Ricardo Jiménez have been nominated to succeed Castro. Of the two candidates, Jiménez, who was president in 1924–28 and in 1932–36, is generally expected to be returned to office for a third term. Although Costa Rica in the past has had its share of *coups d'état*, the country has been functioning as a pure democracy for many years, and it is the boast in the tiny, 23,000-square-mile republic that there not only is a completely free press and speech, but that there are more schools than soldiers to serve its nearly 600,000 residents.

The political situation in Cuba, on the other hand, is an entirely different matter. There, in the tight little dictatorship on America's doorstep, considerable opposition is being voiced in the matter of Colonel Fulgencio Batista's aspirations for the presidency for himself or for his own nominee. Batista, of late, has been endeavoring to show a reversion to the democratic principles as a political catch-all, but this is suspect, to say the least. It was his fine hand that was seen in the rejection by the Electoral Court of all but two of the nine new political parties which applied for sanction to participate in Congressional elections, and it is interesting to note that, of the two parties accepted, one was the Cuban Revolutionary Party, headed by former Provisional President Ramón Grau San Martín, and the Democratic Republican Party, whose leader is former President Mario García Menocal. Both are parties of the opposition. Among those parties rejected were the A.B.C. Rightists and the Communists. Batista has declared he will forbid the opening of the new Constituent Assembly if any of the rejected parties attempt to participate in the election.

WITH THE DANGEROUS 'WAR MONTHS' of August–September rapidly approaching, Moscow, as we went to press, was continuing to stall off the signing of a mutual assistance treaty with France and England. More than a dozen British proposals had been rejected by the Kremlin and the mutual distrust between Prime Minister Chamberlain and Dictator Stalin apparently was increasing as the expected crisis over Danzig neared. Little noticed were the reports from Berlin that trade pact negotiations between Germany and the Soviet were 'progressing,' although Moscow was silent on the subject. There were indications, however, that a German-Soviet agreement—similar to the trade treaty signed ten months ago between Rome and Moscow—might possibly be initialed before the British-French-Soviet alliance could be signed. If this should prove to be correct, then Germany would be provided with all the sinews of war while Russia would get badly needed manufactured goods, particularly machinery.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEANWHILE, a slavery older than that of the Fascists still exists. The whip is not used by dictators alone. According to Stuart Emeny, writing in the London *News Chronicle*, there are today at least 5,000,000 slaves in the world, while some authorities put the figure nearer at 8,000,000. The biggest slave owning countries today are Ethiopia, China, and Arabia.

The Italians are now taking credit for liberating 2,000,000 Ethiopian slaves—a claim which is fantastic in view of the fact that the Italian rule now runs only in towns and along the main roads of Ethiopia. It was Haile Selassie who started the process, fulfilling a pledge given to the League of Nations.

In China, according to a very modest estimate, there are 2,000,000 slave girls used as domestic servants, prostitutes and concubines. In some cities agents stand in the streets and offer children for sale—a straw plait indicating that the children await purchasers. It is estimated that there are another 700,000 slaves in Arabia. King Ibn Saud has decreed against the importation of slaves from anywhere other than the Yemen —but slavery continues as a legal institution. Slave running is also prevalent in the caravans of pilgrims to Mecca; frequently the pilgrims fall so heavily in debt that they are forced to sell their children in order to obtain the money to return to their homes. Inquiries are at present being made into allegations that natives from Nigeria are being fraudulently lured to the plantations of the Franco-owned island of Fernando Po, off the west coast of Africa, to become little better than slaves.

Nor is the British Empire free of slavery. It exists in the Himalayas, in parts of Burma, in India (in the form of debt bondage) in the Sudan; voluntary slavery still continues, although any slave can be made a legally free man upon application to the authorities.

Meanwhile, the League of Nations, individual Governments, and the Anti-Slavery Society continue the struggle against slavery, a struggle almost as hopeless as that against war.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The summer of 1939 begins ominously like that of the year before; will it also end with a world-shaking event?

This Summer *of* Grace

By PERTINAX

Translated from *Europe Nouvelle*
Paris Political and Literary Weekly

THIS summer's events bid fair to duplicate those of last summer. It must be remembered that after having suffered a reverse on May 21, 1938, in her attacks against the Prague Government, Germany feverishly set to making her military machine ready. Hitler had submitted a 'time table,' a detailed program of action built about definite dates, to the generals of the Reichswehr, who considered his enterprise too dangerous. This 'time table' was religiously followed in the events that ensued. Labor mobilization supplemented military mobilization, and enabled the Germans to fortify their Western frontier within three months—an operation that intimidated Paris and London to the belief that they had to choose between war and peace.

During the coming weeks we shall probably see Germany again clearing decks for action—this time, against Poland, which, from the point of view of German public opinion, is advantageous to the Führer's designs. Neither race hatred nor a passionate desire to liberate Sudetenland impelled the people of the Reich against Czecho-Slovakia. Today, on the contrary, Germans are being aroused against a country that they already hate and despise. Official reports at London and Paris indicate the calling of reserves and a concentration of troops. The large bulk of the Reichswehr will be massed in the east, while in the west, the Siegfried Line will be as an iron wall, reinforced by a sufficient contingent to render the fortifications impenetrable. The preparations will not be completed until late in the summer because of the dismantled state of the German railroads. Besides, a sudden movement of troops would alarm an already apprehensive Europe too soon, while a gradual movement of troops and war material can be easily dissimulated under the pretext of summer maneuvers—a pretext that worked very well last summer.

But Germany will soon pass from what she calls a state of peace to a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

state of preparation for war, or, rather, from the state of permanent mobilization, which is a natural one for her, to that of extraordinary mobilization, by a series of seemingly unconnected measures which she will cover up with various specious excuses. This will bring us to a phase of great oratorical explosions that will begin, let us say, in the early part of August and will reach its peak during the Nuremberg Congress that will take place in the beginning of September.

It may be impertinent of us thus to anticipate the future. Our hope is, indeed, that the coming events will contradict the information supplied to the French and British Governments. But the lesson of the past is unmistakable, and the worst hypotheses have less chance of becoming true if they are taken into serious consideration and used as a basis for speedy action on our side. Germany's behavior on the international plane corroborates the most pessimistic interpretation of her designs. It is possible that the treaties of non-aggression imposed upon Estonia and Lithuania are nothing but a retort to the long-drawn-out Anglo-Franco-Russian negotiations. But regarding other German activity abroad, military and economists can admit of only one explanation: that an offensive had been decided upon. It is sufficient to mention only the most provocative facts.

First, the Congress of Germans Living Abroad took place in Stuttgart from the 9th to the 12th of June, while ordinarily it takes place just before the Nuremberg Congress. And the kind of propaganda which was advocated at the Congress includes espionage and all kinds of subversive actions. Then there was a meeting of Admiral Raeder and Admiral Cavagnari, another link added to the already extensive chain of consultations and military agreements between Germany and Italy.

The question that is largely occupying Rome and Berlin at the present time is how to exploit to the best purpose the gratitude of the Spanish Government to the dictatorships that have saved it. The preoccupation of the German and Italian authorities with this subject was clearly indicated by the sending of the Italian fleet to the coast of the Iberian Peninsula. The moment has obviously come to prepare for an attack on the Franco-British lines of communication. The last detail to add to the picture was the Tientsin incident which, whatever are the real intentions of Tokyo, was an unmistakable attempt to force Great Britain to divert some of her armed power to the Far East.

II

Such are the events by which one can conclude that the summer of 1939 will parallel that of 1938. It is interesting, however, to note the differences as well as the similarities. Since March 15th, the date of the invasion of Bohemia, all benefit of doubt has been refused to the German policy, in London as well as in Paris, and even in the capitals that have hitherto been only too prone to resignation. The officially avowed purpose of German expansion has been modified. Adolf Hitler no longer claims that his task is to bring back those Germans who have been separated from the Reich, and to realize the formula of 'One Folk, one State.' He proclaims now

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that his task will be rather to resurrect the Holy Roman Empire, or, to state it in more contemporary terms, to give *Lebensraum* to the German people. Neither objective imposes any limits upon Germany's conquests, which may be presumed to be of universal nature.

In 1938, Chamberlain, to name only one of the arbiters of the fate of Western Europe, made a distinction between the fortunes of the Sudeten Germans and those of the Czecho-Slovakian people as a whole. He stated that the return of the former to the Fatherland would be a guarantee for the independence of the latter in an appeased Europe. In 1939, not one French or English Minister can be found who would allege that Poland, deprived of Danzig, can still go on existing with the aid of some sort of iron lung. The doctrine of falling back on a purely imperialistic destiny, with which many *Munichois* have tried to comfort themselves last September, retains now only a few shamefaced followers. There are few who would dare to uphold in public the view that by giving to Germany the hegemony of Europe, the Western Powers could achieve the tranquillity of nineteenth century Holland. At any rate, no responsible statesman would plead such a case before a Parliament.

Another innovation is that England is now the motivating force of preparations for defense and no longer an impediment to such a movement. She has put into force compulsory conscription and has been trying to assemble all the nations resolved to fight into a defensive alliance, either through implicit or explicit agreements. If London and Paris succeed in their enterprise, that will mean the rise of a military coalition that will vie in efficiency with that of the totalitarian States. It is true that the British Cabinet is afraid that without a moderating influence on the other side, which its own attitude erstwhile presented, this coalition may lead to a war of prevention, if not aggression. But even at the price of this risk, it seemed imperative to build a system of security which can be swiftly brought into action. And that is preferable, in spite of all, to a less audacious policy that would eventually lead to another Munich capitulation. The consequences of the first capitulation, that of September 29th, with its resultant loss of prestige by the Western Powers, cannot be otherwise repaired.

Unhappily, the time has not yet come to state that the new system of collective security has taken definite form. The Anglo-Franco-Russian pact of assistance is still in suspense, and we still do not know whether Moscow has made its last demands or whether we will have to cope with a Kremlin determined to play its game independently of the Western democracies. If the second possibility holds good, we will not give much for the prospects of peace, since the French and British system will certainly not exercise the preventive effect from which we may still expect continental appeasement.

England's and France's present ordeal brings to mind the darkest days of 1913–1914. No shot has been fired. The conflict is still confined to notes from one chancellery to another, with the combatants warily circling each other for position. But the stake is as great as that twenty-five years ago.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The money markets of the world are busier than ever: here are three accounts of Mexico, the City and Spain.

In the Marketplace

I. Silver—Mexico's Nemesis

By Agustin Aguiar Almada

Translated from *Economista*, Mexican Conservative Monthly

(*The extent to which Mexico's economic health is dependent on the continued purchase of foreign silver by the United States Treasury is not generally recognized in this country. An abrupt cessation of these purchases, as a Congressional faction demanded in July, might well create revolutionary chaos in our neighbor Republic, and as a riposte, Mexico—which has already expropriated the American-owned oil wells—might close its markets altogether to American goods, which in a substantial degree have been supplanted lately by German and Italian imports. The following article surveys the silver problem as it affects both countries today.* The Editors)

IN 1938 Mexico produced about 85 million ounces of silver. Nearly all this metal was purchased by the United States Government, first at 45 cents per ounce, then at 43 cents, amounting to a total of $36,000,000, or 164,000,000 pesos. The lower price was established after the Mexican Government's expropriation of the American-owned wells.

The total exports of Mexico during that period were valued at 838,000,000 pesos. Therefore silver represented nearly 20 per cent of our total exports, and silver was the most important single support of our commercial balance. We have come to count on the United States Treasury as the sole purchaser of the metal. That nation, however, has no industrial, commercial or economic need for silver, and her purchases have in the main been motivated by various political considerations.

The danger that this artificial situation represents for Mexico can be easily understood if one remembers that, during normal years, our favorable balance of trade amounted to approximately 40,000,000 pesos, but that from 1936 to the present, there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been an unfavorable balance, that is, to say, Mexico has imported more than she has sold abroad.

In the light of that fact, one can imagine the further economic damage that Mexico would suffer were the American Government suddenly to suspend its purchase of Mexican silver. In that event, the United States might also suffer, since it might endanger the reaching of a settlement of the controversy over the expropriation of the American oil properties below the Rio Grande.

The Treasury of the United States has been purchasing silver under two legal mandates. On one hand, the Government of the United States is authorized by the Agricultural Adjustment Act of May, 1933, to devaluate the gold dollar to 50 per cent and to establish any convenient type of bimetalism, with free coining of gold and silver. Under this authorization, the Treasury buys almost the total production of domestic silver at a price of 64.6 cents per ounce, recently raised to a new price of 71.11 cents. On the other hand, in 1934, the Silver Purchase Act was promulgated as a result of the pressure of various 'silverite' and inflationist groups. This law declared it to be in the public interest to increase the proportion of silver in the metallic reserves supporting the circulation of Treasury notes. It authorized the Treasury to buy silver within the country or outside, until the quantity of silver in reserve amounted to one-fourth of the value of the gold in the same reserve.

In 1934, however, it was apparent that the Treasury had no real need of acquiring enormous quantities of silver, and that the Silver Purchase Act was rather a political measure designed to placate various political groups, notably Senators from the silver-producing States. Since then, however, the Treasury has been utilizing its authority to attain not only political but commercial ends. It has purchased large quantities of silver from China, thus helping indirectly to finance the Chinese in the war with Japan, and it has bought the total Mexican production to sustain its control of Mexican markets so that they will continue to absorb American exports; and it has also purchased silver from other Latin-American States, from the former Loyalist Government of Spain and from Canada.

II

However, the silver policy of Uncle Sam has not produced all the desired results. In the last three years American exports to Mexico have decreased considerably, while German and Italian exports have greatly increased. Since the seizure of the British and American oil properties, the Mexican Government has been enabled to export petroleum to Germany, and this resulted in placing large credits at the disposition of Mexico, which can be expended only through the purchase of German products. From the Reich Mexico has imported rails, electrical machinery, Diesel motors, chemical and pharmaceutical products, business machines, locomotives, etc. Had Mexico not negotiated the petroleum contract with Germany, the foregoing imports would have been purchased from the United States. Therefore, the Treasury of the United States is now faced with the unpleasant fact that while its virtual subsidy to Mexican economy (through the purchase of sil-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ver) has helped effectively to strengthen that country's purchasing power, purchases have been made from Germany rather than from the United States.

The same holds true with regard to Italy which, between 1937 and 1938, tripled her exports to Mexico and is expected further to increase them during the current year, since a special trade treaty has recently been signed providing for the exchange of petroleum for artificial silk, a deal amounting to more than 15,000,000 pesos. The inevitable conclusion is that the United States Government has completely failed in its primary object in buying Mexican silver, *i.e.*, in guaranteeing the Mexican market for its own exporters.

The situation is a complex one for the United States. The silver group in Congress is primarily interested in the welfare of the silver-producing regions of the United States. An influential wing of the New Deal four years ago was agitating for inflation, with the objective of provoking an increase in purchases and consumption. This group reasoned that if the metallic reserves of the dollar were one-fourth silver, the weakened dollar would cause prices to rise and buyers would hasten to acquire merchandise, thus initiating a new era of prosperity. That, at least, was the theory. It proved fallacious. The general index of prices of the Bureau of Labor Statistics was 77 at the close of 1938, 1½ points less than in June, 1934, before enactment of the Silver Purchase Act. Since then certain American economists have argued that the Government's silver policy has had rather deflationist effects, creating new fears and dangers for business and investments, precisely the reverse of what was intended.

Moreover, from June, 1934, until the end of February, 1939, the United States Treasury bought silver at a monetary value of $2,447,000,000, or approximately 30 per cent more than it had planned when the law was enacted. And yet it still lacks 1,200,000 ounces of silver to reach the one-fourth provided for by the law, for the reason that, in the interval between 1934 and 1939, the gold reserves of the United States grew from $7,850,000,000 to $15,600,000,000 in gold. In accordance with the silver law, this last figure demands a white metal reserve of 3,860,000,000 ounces, valued monetarily at some $5,000,000,000. The fear of war, which causes European money to flee to the United States, has resulted in an indirect support of silver, since the increase in the gold reserve must be followed by a 25 per cent augmentation in the silver backing.

III

Today influential American financiers, including Marriner S. Eccles, Governor of the Federal Reserve System, have been clamoring for a suspension of the purchase of foreign silver. A Senate coalition has demanded that Secretary of State Hull give substantial reasons for continuance of the practice. An investigation was launched by the Senate Commission on Banks and Money into the advisability of abrogating the Silver Purchase Act, so far as foreign nations are concerned, and the majority of technical experts were in favor of its annulment. Despite this, the Congress has continued the Treasury's purchase of foreign silver, but at the reduced rate of 36.75 cents, a record low fixed in early July.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Five years of absorption by the United States of nearly the total world's supply of silver at artificial prices has dislocated the silver market, resulting in the growing abandonment of this metal as a monetary base, and giving over its future to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. In five years the greatest monopoly in the world has been created and, ironically enough, in the very country in which the New Deal is fighting against monopolies.

One word from Secretary Morgenthau can cause the price of silver to rise to 81 cents per ounce (the world peak of 1935), or to fall to 20 cents. Recent figures prove that assertion: at the end of 1933, the American Government fixed the price of domestic silver at 64.6 cents per ounce, and the price in the free market rose to 54 cents. On the tenth of April, 1935, Washington raised the official price to 71.1 cents, and fifteen days later to 77.6 cents. The free market followed this direction with such rapidity that the price of foreign silver in the free market rose to 81 cents on April 26, 1935. Speculation was unrestrained; to suppress it, the Treasury ceased to buy, and in a few days the quotations tumbled violently. In December of the same year, the price returned to the level of 49.7 cents per ounce.

Thus the Government of the United States controls the silver market. The economic stability of Mexico depends to a high degree on that market; and so the American Government has in its hands a formidable weapon against the republic below the Rio Grande. In March, 1938, it utilized this weapon, not as a protest against the expropriation of American oil wells, as the public believed, but to force abrogation of an increase in import duties which Mexico had enforced in February of this year. And Mexico capitulated.

Many problems are now pending between the two countries: petroleum expropriation, the increase of German imports to the detriment of American products, etc. It is very possible that in any one of these problems the United States Government will utilize the same weapon, and that Mexico will have to cede. But once an agreement has been arrived at, the United States will find it difficult to cease buying Mexican silver, since the continuation of these purchases will be a basic condition of the agreement. What is probable is that the United States and Mexico will make a commercial treaty which will permit American merchandise to regain the territory lost to German products. In exchange for this advantage, the United States will bind itself to continue purchasing Mexican silver.

II. British Thumb in Nazi Pie

By Hans Behrend

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, Paris German-Émigré Weekly

CERTAIN British business circles today maintain close relations with the Third Reich. These circles are extremely influential, and they have influenced Mr. Chamberlain. To be found on the so-called 'Committee of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Six,' formed in January, 1933, to advise the Prime Minister in questions relating to armaments, are Messrs. P. F. B. Bennett, D'Arcy Cooper, Geoffrey Clarke and J. S. Addison. Who are they?

Bennett is one of the directors of Imperial Chemical Industries, which exchanges patents with the German Dye Trust and which shares ownership of certain enterprises with that trust. Imperial Chemical Industries has invested $55,000,000 in its sister organization in the Reich. The British organization counts among its friends at court such important stockholders as Neville Chamberlain who owns 1,000 shares. His adviser, Bennett, conducted the Anglo-German trade negotiations last year in Düsseldorf, which were on the eve of conclusion when interrupted by Hitler's march into Prague.

Geoffrey Clarke is a member of the board of directors of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, which owns half the capital stock of Submarine Cable. The other half is owned by the great German firm of Siemens, the Reich equivalent of Westinghouse. In addition, Clarke is a member of the Anglo-German Fellowship.

As President of the British rayon trust Courtauld, Addison maintains relations with the German Vereinigte Glanzstoffabriken, of which Herr von Stauss is chairman of the board.

Francis D'Arcy Cooper is one of the outstanding personalities of British finance. He is the chairman of the soap and margarine trust, Unilever, Ltd., which has branches throughout the world; these branches are partly owned by the brothers Schicht who gave the Sudeten leader Henlein the same generous support that Kirdorf and Thyssen once gave to Hitler. D'Arcy Cooper transformed the administration building of Unilever, Ltd., into the headquarters of the aforementioned Anglo-German Fellowship—the organization that rallies all pro-Nazis in England. Cooper is on its board of directors. Apart from this, Lord Runciman's son, W. Leslie Runciman, who belongs to the board of directors of Lloyds Bank and of British Imperial Airways, is a member of the Fellowship. Lord Runciman, whom the Czechs regard as Britain's agent in their betrayal last year, himself joined the board of directors of Westminster Bank during the time of his mission to Prague. When, in November, 1938, he was rewarded for his activities in Czecho-Slovakia with a Government appointment, he resigned the banking connection.

II

Thus Chamberlain has at least four pro-Nazi advisers. But that is not all. There are other forces in the City who work for greater collaboration with the Third Reich. First, there is Montagu Norman, a personal friend of Chamberlain. He has pushed aside Vansittart, the shrewd delegate of the Francophile wing in the Foreign Office. Norman controls the Bank of England.

In his surrender of the Czech gold to the Third Reich, which created a furore in Parliament, he was assisted by Sir Otto Niemeyer who, together with Norman, represents England in the Basel Bank for International Settlement. Some weeks ago, Niemeyer succeeded in having Herr Hechler, a Reichsbank official, elected successor of the late French vice-president of the Bank of International Settlement.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Third Reich has one especially impregnable citadel in British high finance in the I. Henry Schröder Bank. One of its owners, Bruno von Schröder, consults with Montagu Norman in the operation of the Bankers Industrial Development Company. The other, H. W. B. Schröder, has an interest in Lloyds Bank, on the board of which is young Runciman. There also is encountered the Honorable Robert H. Brand, managing director of Lazard Brothers, and a substantial shareholder in the often 'pro-appeasement' *Times*. In the Bank of England, in Lazard Brothers, in Schröder—all personalities of Munich are represented. The British Schröder Bank forms the bridge between the City and German heavy industry. A relative of the Schröders, Kurt von Schröder negotiated an 'understanding' between Hitler and von Papen in his Cologne villa in January, 1933. He is also vice-president of the board of directors of the Reichsbank and of the gigantic Flick concern, one of the owners of the Stein Bank in Cologne, president of the Rhenish Chamber of Commerce and the German Verkehrskreditbank.

On June 8, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* published a dispatch from London to the effect that Sir Auckland Geddes, former ambassador to the United States, had resigned his post as Air Raid Precaution adviser to Sir John Anderson, Lord Privy Seal, because he was opposed to conscription. Sir Auckland Geddes is the father-in-law of the Prince of Hesse, who is an attaché of the German Embassy in London and a brother of Prince Philipp, a favored protégé of Marshal Göring. Moreover, the former British diplomat is bound to the Reich not only by family ties, but by very compelling commercial ones. As president of the board of directors of the Spanish Rio Tinto Mines, Geddes maintains the closest relations with the Metallgesellschaft in Frankfort, for Rio Tinto and Metallgesellschaft together form the European Pyrite Company. On the board of the Metallgesellschaft is also found one Dr. Warlimont, whose brother was the first commander of the German Condor Legion in Spain.

An understanding of the interrelations of Anglo-German capital is necessary to understand the vacillations in British foreign policy. Leading Anglo-German capitalists have identical interests, and they have something else in common: dislike of a world without private bankers and industrialists. A war of the Third Reich against the Soviet Union would be extremely welcome to part of the City.

But if Hitler should be afraid to move against Russia, and should he prefer a victim entailing less risk for Germany, such as Poland, he will inevitably clash with England. British industry has no intention of leaving the field to Hitler. The Anglo-Turkish Treaty, the successful mission of Sir Frederick Leith-Ross to Rumania, the anti-Nazi measures in the Union of South Africa and in Argentina (which is dependent on Great Britain), the Anglo-German struggle for markets, which has come to a head in India and Egypt—all these prove that Germany and England are bitter opponents in the drive for world markets, despite their collaboration in trusts and combines. Does that mean war?

Hitler does not dream of a peaceful settlement. He wants a German world monopoly. The desperate attempts of the pro-Hitler wing in the City to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appease the master of the Third Reich by making concessions—with the thought always in mind of diverting him to the East—serve merely to make Hitler stronger, and to bring war in Western Europe closer.

III. Whose Money in Spain?

By Campanella

Translated from the *Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris German-Émigré Weekly

IT IS a fact that foreign capitalists, tempted by prospects of profit, or of redeeming unfortunate investments, have time and again pumped new money into Spain, only to lose it. Since the historic collapse of 1557, the Spanish Government has gone officially bankrupt no less than eighteen times, to say nothing of less catastrophic settlements it has forced upon creditors.

Today Spain has entered upon her nineteenth era of reconstruction by borrowing. It is a matter of some wonder that Jewish financiers should feel themselves called upon to lead the parade of lenders. While the British Government still maintains an attitude of reserve, a 'semi-neutral' financial syndicate has been formed to irrigate the parched land with a new flood of gold. The syndicate is headed by the Amsterdam banking firm of Mendelssohn, and among its prominent members are the Paris banking houses of Lazard Frères and Louis Dreyfus et Cie.

The former Belgian Premier Paul Van Zeeland was prevailed upon to conduct the preliminary negotiations.

M. Van Zeeland, long regarded as one of Europe's shrewdest statesmen and economists, recently joined the management of Sofina-Chade, a financial combine strongly interested in Spain.

Before Van Zeeland was able to develop his proposals at the conference table in Burgos, however, Generalissimo Franco told the world just how the new Spain proposed to deal with foreign financiers. His radio speech, delivered on the occasion of the Madrid Victory Parade, might in its economic sections have been lifted, word for word, from a Goebbels address.

Let foreign countries not deceive themselves, he said: 'Nationalist Spain would not permit herself to be economically encircled, and a free rein would not again be given to those foreign interests who so long have interfered with our power and our independence.' Danger still threatened, he warned. 'The Jewish spirit, which invites the coöperation of big capital with Marxism and which has done so much harm to Spain, cannot be exterminated in a day.' For the rest, all desiring to help in rebuilding the country's former greatness would be welcome. The syndicate of financiers, Aryan or Jewish, thus has every prospect of being permitted to deposit its funds with the Spanish dictator, though, of course, without expectation of reward.

Franco's candid statements did, indeed, cause some eyebrows to rise in the capitals of international finance. But long before this speech, the inten-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions of the Franco Government were plain. Even during the Civil War, it announced its intention of introducing a corporative constitution after the Italian model, while at the same time imposing sharp restrictions upon foreign capital. The program of the Falangists, who now completely hold the upper hand in Spain, is explicit on the subject. Industry is to be divided into three categories. The armament industry and other branches of industry working directly to supply the needs of the Government are to remain strictly in Spanish hands. In the second group—industries of indirect, though vital, importance to the Government—foreign capital will be admitted, but may exert no influence whatever upon the management. In the remaining industries—the third category—half the capital stock may be foreign-owned but a majority must be reserved for Spanish nationals both in the management and on the boards of directors.

Of course, were this program to be realized completely, there would be an end to foreign capital in Spain. The great mining interests such as the copper mines of Rio Tinto, acquired at auction by British capitalists from the Spanish Government in the collapse of 1873, or the lead-mines of Penarroya controlled by Mirabaud and Rothschild of French high finance, would fall under the first or, at the very least under the second category. The Barcelona Traction, controlled by Sofina of Belgium, and the entire Spanish telephone system, brought under the control of the American International Tel. & Tel. Corporation at the time of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship, likewise belong among the industries vital to the State. The same is true of the railways controlled in large part by French and British capital, and the coal and iron ore mines of the northwest provinces that are controlled by the British.

Were Franco to confiscate all these holdings, the new Spain would soon closely resemble the Soviet Union. The Dictator, however, does not dare actual nationalization, for technical as well as for propagandist reasons. In any event, he is unwilling to go it alone, for he required the coöperation of his military protectors. There is no doubt that Hitler and Mussolini had designs of a big killing in Spain after the war. But these are likely to remain designs only.

II

Germany's and Italy's financial interests in old Spain were always slight. The only figures are derived from an official census of foreign capital made in 1930. At that time the entire foreign investment in Spain was estimated, probably conservatively, at 3.7 billion gold pesetas—about 750 million gold dollars. Of this, about half fell to the French, 18 per cent to the British, 13 per cent to Americans, and 12 per cent to Belgians. German capital accounted for only $24,000,000—little more than 3 per cent—while the Italian share was infinitesimally small, only $1,500,000, consisting chiefly of bank shares and a few oil refineries.

It seems improbable that any fundamental changes have taken place in Spain during the past decade, apart from the monetary devaluation and the general economic decline. The Republic, as a matter of fact, did not touch foreign capital. As yet it is impossible to gain a complete picture of what was destroyed during the Civil

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

War; but it may be taken for granted that settlements will not be on the generous side. A current question is: What did the Germans and Italians get by and for their military assistance?

According to information which comes to me from trustworthy sources, the preliminary picture looks somewhat as follows. German troops and technicians were invariably paid in cash by the Spanish Government; German shipments of airplanes and armaments were paid with shipments of Spanish raw materials, even during the Civil War—thus there is no credit balance in Germany's favor. The case of Italy is different. The Italian expeditionary forces were neither paid nor fully maintained by Franco for some time. For this reason and for their shipment of *matériel*, the Italians have rendered a bill in the amount of 4 billion lire, which they are urgently trying to collect. At least a part of this is to be paid in gold of which Franco now, of course, has a supply.

Franco has not been as generous with industrial concessions as Rome and Berlin expected. The only joint monopoly which Berlin and Rome have been able to secure has been the airlines. But Franco has promised the Italians concessions for the erection of cellulose mills and the Germans concessions for the production of synthetic oil and synthetic nitrogen. The Germans seem to have got the better part of the bargain, for the lumber for the production of cellulose must be imported, while the emissaries of the Third Reich will be able to exploit the bituminous shale in the Puertollano area in the Eastern Sierra Morena for their chemical products. The State-owned mercury mines in Almaden, upon which Berlin had long cast a covetous eye, could not be pried loose from the parsimonious Franco. All the same, the entry of the Germans into the Puertollano region represents a danger signal to Western capital whose preserve this area used to be.

Thus it seems highly improbable that Franco will yield Spanish industry, in any considerable part, to German or Italian control. His policy is to put the fear of God into the old investors by means of pin-pricks and big talk: if you don't come across with new capital, we shall toss you out on your ear altogether. Spain for the Spaniards—and if we can't achieve that by ourselves, the technicians of the German Steel and Dye Trust and of Italy's Montecatini will be glad to come to our aid.

This double threat—nationalization and Hitlerization—is an Open Sesame for the tightest safes. The argument is convincing. For when the people with the money-bags are eager to invest money, in the face of adverse public opinion, they almost exceed their own resourcefulness in collecting debts. It takes no great gifts of prophecy to predict the course of the future. Once more other nations will carry their money to Spain, only to lose it there.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three sketches; the woes besetting a traveler in Russia; Hitler seen by a crystal gazer; Watteau's *L'Indifférent*.

With *the* Satirists

I. 'Citizen, Kindly Hang Up!'

By Yevgenii Petrov

Translated from *Pravda*, Moscow Official Communist Party Daily

BEFORE me unfolded a picture dear to the heart of a tired and dusty traveler: an enormous marble vestibule, rugs, soft chairs, a doorman, a hospitably-opened elevator awaiting to receive my bags, palms, and under the palms, an ordinary Soviet citizen, for some unknown reason called a *portier* in the French manner.

This was in the town of Tbilissi, in the Hotel Tbilissi, built a few months ago. The hotel appalled one by its splendor. It was really a first-class hotel. The room given to me supported my first impression—comfortable, with a bathroom, inviting furniture and a telephone. I was disagreeably surprised, however, to see that there were cigarette butts on the floor and that the room had not been aired.

I said so to the chambermaid, but she had no time to answer me. At that point I heard in the corridor a noise that is characteristic of a scandal—something between the sound of the incoming tide and a broadcast of a dramatic sketch to the accompaniment of considerable static. The chambermaid and I went to investigate. A honeymoon couple was storming in the next room. It seems that their room had not been thoroughly prepared for them, that they had not even been given clean linen. It seemed to me a bad omen.

I had to learn immediately the schedule of steamers going from Batum to Odessa.

'We possess no such schedules,' said the *portier*.

'But then, how can I find out what I want?' I asked. 'If, for example, I knew that the steamer was leaving tomorrow, I'd go to Batum now by night train, and I'd just make it.'

'It is much too late, Citizen—it's eleven o'clock. You can't learn anything anyhow.'

'But I cannot understand why your hotel, which vies in splendor with any in the world, lacks so simple a thing as a time-table.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Information bureaus exist for that purpose, Citizen,' answered the *portier*, beginning in a whisper that ended in a roar.

I did not succeed in taking a bath before going to sleep, since I found the tub encrusted with the historic grime of centuries. I had to wash in a basin standing on one foot and going through complicated exercises.

In the course of the night I was severely bitten. Twisting and turning in bed, I tried to drive away the horrible thought of bed-bugs. The presence of that species of animal life within these marble walls was too incongruous.

In the morning, I wanted some tea with my breakfast. I found near the door, on a handsome glass tablet, three push-buttons. The first was surmounted by a picture of a little man in an apron, with a suitcase in his hand; the second depicted a woman with a broom, and the third, a waiter with a tray. I pressed the button for the waiter. While waiting for his arrival, I wanted to find out, at last, the steamer schedule. I called the local information office.

'You want the steamer schedule?' I was asked. 'We cannot give you this information, Citizen. You are not a subscriber.'

'How can I be a subscriber if I only came to Tbilissi last night and intend to leave today? I am calling from the Hotel Tbilissi.'

'Ah, now we understand everything. Your hotel has not subscribed here. We sent them salesmen, but they turned them down.'

'Ah, please,' I said in a placating voice, 'Give me this information. It really does not cost you anything. Please!'

'And who will pay us ten kopeks for that information? Come to our office, pay the money and then we'll tell you anything you want!'

'But what is the point of my dragging myself from one end of the town to the other when I have here such an ingenious invention of the nineteenth century as the telephone?'

'Citizen, kindly hang up!'

Since the waiter had not yet come, I decided to call Moscow. After a while, a pleasant feminine voice answered me from the Moscow information bureau.

'What is the password?'

'I don't know it,' I answered honestly.

'Your receipt number?'

'I have no receipt. I am calling from the Hotel Tbilissi. You know, such a nice new hotel, the handsomest in the U. S. S. R.'

'Sure, we know it, Citizen, but it does not subscribe to our services. Citizen, kindly hang up.'

The waiter had still not arrived. I went into the corridor and found the chambermaid, who was writing something at a commodious desk.

'I am so glad to see you,' she said. 'I was afraid that you weren't going to pay your bill. What's this you want? A waiter? It's too early. The waiters begin working at twelve o'clock.'

'But people usually have breakfast in the morning,' I said timidly.

'That is possible,' the chambermaid answered. 'But this is our rule. If you don't like it here—'

'I understand—I can move.'

'Naturally,' said the chambermaid, surprised at my perception.

'And why didn't anybody come when I rang?' I asked, feeling an unpleasant quivering in my knees.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Why, that is the arrangement. Bells don't ring here. We are using a lighting system instead. There are three lamps over every room, red, yellow and green, depending on whom you want. And, besides, the connection runs to my booth, just in case there isn't anybody in the corridors. But I always sit with my back to the lamps so that I can't see them, and there is seldom anybody in the corridors.'

'And why don't you sit where you can see the lamps?'

'Because I am supposed to watch the pantry.'

'Everything is clear,' I said. 'Good-by.'

'Wait a minute, Citizen. Perhaps you will still pay for your second day's stay here?'

'Listen here,' I said plaintively, 'do I look like the sort of man who runs away from a hotel without paying? Not only did I leave my passport with you, but you also have my trunk, which you can keep in case of my flight.'

'You know what, Citizen? Why don't you take this matter up with the directors? I am a subordinate here. I do as I am told.'

There isn't the slightest exaggeration in what I have written here. It is necessary to add that in the dining-room, where only one table was occupied, I had to wait for the waiter an entire hour, that when he came, I had to beg him on my knees for service, that the tea given to me turned out to be a muddy mixture over-flavored with sugar, and that the whole restaurant, though awe-inspiring in its splendor, was full of the smell of stale food.

Of course I missed the ship by three days. . . .

II. Sieg Heil: 1941

By Verax

Translated from *Grande Revue*, Paris Literary Monthly

(*Some surprising results have been obtained by amateur Spiritualists. By employing a medium and an ouija board, the writer was able to project himself into the future, and to overhear an address, on May 22, 1941. The following invaluable document is the 'spiritually transcribed speech' made by Adolph Hitler on that day. It is only a part of it, for the speech endured for six hours and forty-five minutes, and exhausted ninety-one interpreters.*)

THE speech:—

My Deputies, men of the Reichstag, and citizens of Super-Great Germany. I have called you together today to report on the great objectives that with the help of Providence and the German sword, I have been able to attain, and to impress upon you that your leader is counting on you to help him to accomplish the remainder of his mission in the world. [*Wild applause.*]

After the events of 1938–1939, which are still alive in everyone's memory, I have had the good fortune, thanks to the political wisdom and realism of the chief of the French Premier in 1940, Marcel (Must-We-Die-For-Danzig?) Déat, to restore

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Danzig to the bosom of the German Fatherland. I was also able to recover the colonies that were shamefully stolen from us in 1919. You also know that through the work of our engineers, a German autostrade through the so-called Polish Corridor had been constructed.

But does this resolve all our problems, and can Greater Germany be satisfied by such insignificant concessions with which the wealthy nations thought they could keep us in subjection? [*Cries of 'no! no!'*] Some of the infamous dictates of Versailles have been abolished, thanks to you, Germans. But not all. I choke with emotion when I look at the map of the Reich of 1914 and when I see the beautiful province of former Western Prussia, now Pomerania, this wilderness that had been colonized in the Middle Ages by Teutonic knights. What blockhead could ever believe that the Super-German Reich would be content with the possession of one miserable autostrade in a country where it once possessed great hills and dales, vast fields and forests? [*Frantic applause, cries of 'Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!'*]

I come now to the question of our relations with the so-called democracies. These relations could be friendly if in the name of what they call the 'freedom of the press,' these democracies had not tried to poison public opinion within their boundaries by shameless lies and calumnies. Imagine, my Deputies, in France, in England and the United States certain newspapers have actually hinted that I, your Führer, am not a man of his word! [*A movement of horror and indignation from the audience.*] The source of these Jewish-inspired lies is too apparent. Despite this unhappy atmosphere of distrust, I have tried to make those countries listen to some of our rightful claims. But with what I am unhappily forced to call 'bad faith,' England and France [*cries of 'Pfui! Pfui!'*] have claimed that they have given us every possible satisfaction in returning to Germany the colonies of 1914. I ask you, my Deputies, what are the paltry colonies of 1914 compared to territory that justly belongs to the Super-German Reich and its millions of inhabitants?

To give you some idea of our rights, I put before you the question of bananas. Our Statistical Service of Information has calculated that British colonies produced, in 1940, 25,000,000 clusters of bananas, while German colonies produced only one million. I ask you, my friends, has glorious Providence created bananas for the sole use of the English, and is it fair that every Englishman can peel twenty-five while a German must be content with one-half? *Pfui!* [*Frantic applause.*]

I would like to say a few words on our relations with France. I have the greatest affection for that country. I have declared, once and for all, that I recognize my Western frontiers as settled. But can I, without emotion, listen for years to the complaints of the German subjects from Alsace-Lorraine and Franche-Comte, those old imperial countries now martyrized by an administration whose bloody perversity is known throughout the whole of Europe? Only yesterday, in Besançon, a peaceful German commercial traveler was upset by an automobile which only too apparently was predatory and hidden interests! Besides, according to the Statistical Service of Professor Plumke, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mortality of French subjects of German origin is thrice that of other Frenchmen—more evidence of an incredible, atrocious and calculated system of depopulation! If these unfortunates pine for Germany, can I spurn them? My Deputies, it seems to me that the French Government will act wisely in taking the initiative itself and ordering several plebiscites which we naturally would be called upon to control.

Then there is the question of reparations. I must say it is a singular delusion on the part of the French Government to imagine that Germany will accept indefinitely the consequences of the shameful rapine of which we were victims from 1919 to 1928 when we were forced to pay reparations for a war of whose damages we were absolutely innocent. In ten years we have been forced to pay a sum that experts value at one hundred billion gold marks. In the name of the Super-German Reich, I demand the restoration of these hundred billion marks, together with interest. [*Thunderous applause.*]

This is not a question to decide in an hour, nor is it a question for which I am ready to draw the sword in the immediate future. But it is a question that has been put and which one day must be answered. Note, my Deputies, how once again I bring generous sacrifices to the cause of peace for, logically, we ought to demand from France the costs of the war which she, with England and Russia, had perfidiously imposed on us in 1914. For has it not been said that in these past few years the Allies have lost the World War? But I want to forget and forgive. How ideal life would be, my brothers, if the few just and trivial demands that we have made could be examined with the same integrity and the same will for peace and agreement that we have evinced. But, alas, such is the state of Jewish and democratic corruption that I cannot guarantee to you the peaceful victory to which we are so manifestly entitled. Whatever happens, I rely upon your common support. That which we claim we will one day achieve. Forward, my Deputies, for the ever Greater Germany. [*Interminable ovation. The meeting is adjourned to the sound of the* Horst Wessel-Lied *and* Deutschland Über Alles.]

III. Les Indifférents

By R. Tréno

Translated from *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris Satirical Weekly

THE *Indifférent* has been stolen from the Louvre. Who can remain indifferent to this startling piece of news? Certainly not myself. This *Indifférent* was particularly close to my heart. Gay, insouciant, his was the smiling portrait of the optimist. His mere pictorial presence should have been an offense to those who want to make us live dangerously, an offense to the dictators, the statesmen, the politicians, to big business, and in fact, to all the deadly bores of today's world. How could he resist the crushing force of so many, this little man of Watteau's? Only one thing was left to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him—to flee. Which he forthwith did.

So, I embarked immediately upon the search for Watteau's *Indifférent.* Alas, I have not found him yet, but I did find many others. Thus, in front of the Theatre Champs-Elysées I saw an engaging character, strolling and whistling to himself, hands in his pockets, and wearing the air of a gentleman with no cares in the world. It was M. Camille Chautemps, past Premier and intermittent member of various Cabinets.

'M. le President,' I asked, 'what do you think of the problems of the hour?'

'*Je m'en fiche,*' replied the Vice-President of the Council, dourly.

'But in your office as Vice-President of the Council—'

M. Chautemps burst into laughter. 'You are jesting! Have you heard any mention of me for some time? Or of any statement that I may have made in the Council or in the Chamber? No, M'sieu. These things leave me perfectly indifferent. Your servant.'

M. Chautemps hardly had turned the corner of the street than an elegant young man emerged from the Elysée. His derby was pushed back, a faraway look was in his eyes, a faint smile played on his lips. It was M. Raymond Patenôtre, Minister of National Economy.

'M. le Ministre, could you tell us how you are getting on with your task of lowering the cost of living?'

'My dear sir, go see Paul Reynaud.'

'But aren't you the Minister of National Economy?'

'That is just it. The high cost of living has nothing to do with economy. As a matter of fact, it is the very antithesis. At any rate, it finds me perfectly indifferent.'

Hardly had M. Patenôtre departed than I came across a little man whose face was a picture of tranquillity: M. Reynaud, the Finance Minister.

'M. le Ministre, I was told that this is in your field, that—'

'What is in my field?'

'The high cost of living.'

M. Reynaud burst into infectious laughter. 'If only you knew, *mon vieux,* how indifferent I am to all that.'

'Then in what *are* you interested?'

'Oh, well, in my Three-Year Plan: but then that gives me three long years!'

And away he bounced.

On his heels was M. Pomaret, pipe in his mouth.

'M. le Ministre, what about unemployment?'

'Unemployment? And what put into your head that I should be interested in unemployment?'

'Well, aren't you the Minister of Labor?'

'Precisely. Well, labor is one thing and unemployment is another.'

Another *Indifférent!*

So the Louvre has lost its *Indifférent?* Bah! There are six hundred more in the Chamber of Deputies.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Japan believes there should be competition on a 'fair play' basis in China, this well known writer contends.

Japan Argues Her Case

By HALLETT ABEND

JAPAN is the world's bad boy to the American people of today. So little is Japan's situation and psychology understood in the United States that almost everything the Japanese Government does seems wrong to us as a people.

But neither the Japanese people nor their leaders have any consciousness of wrong-doing, any feeling of guilt. Instead, they are rather bewildered at the widespread condemnation of Japan's present policy and conduct of affairs on the Asiatic mainland. They are indignant at being misunderstood; they even feel aggrieved and badly used.

How, then, does Japan justify her course, even to herself? What are her arguments, her contentions, and on what basis does she defend her conduct as proper and justifiable?

In the search for the fundamental Japanese viewpoint I have talked with Japanese diplomats of all ranks, with Army and Navy men from admirals and generals to lieutenants, with some of the great Japanese financiers, and with many Japanese friends who have no connection with official life. In general terms, the Japanese statement of their own case boils down to this:—

'We are a young nation in a modern sense, but a very old people as a race. We want to become a great nation, honored in the world. We feel that we can accomplish this, and that on fair and equal terms we can compete successfully with the other great nations of the world. We feel that in the past we have often not been treated fairly, and now we are out to win our rightful place by using our own strength.'

Pathetic, in a way, is this plea in generalities, for which however there is considerable historical justification.

But what about specific cases? How, for instance, does Japan justify, even to herself, keeping the Yangtze River closed to Third Power traffic? Is there actually any valid excuse, or is the closure of this great international waterway actuated solely by greed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and by a determination to monopolize the trade of a rich region with a tributary population exceeding 200,000,000?

In the first place, the Japanese have a grievance concerning the Yangtze. They claim, and with perfect truth, that when China blocked navigation of the river at the outbreak of hostilities in 1937, by throwing a series of booms across and mining the channel, the interested Third Powers made no protest of any kind. Presumably they found closing the river to keep out an invader a justifiable act of self-defense, and as a military measure necessary in time of warfare.

Well, say the Japanese, this warfare is still continuing. The Yangtze is one of the main strategic routes into the interior of China, and they claim that not only would the presence of Third Power shipping hamper the movement of their warships and transports, but might result in 'military information' reaching the Chinese.

The United States and other interested powers continue to protest, not only at the continued closing of the Yangtze, but at what are termed unfair trade practices. The protests insist that Japanese merchant steamers ply up and down the river, transporting not only Japanese civilians, but also Japanese manufactured goods for the ever-increasing numbers of Japanese stores and wholesale dealers at Nanking, Wuhu, Anking, Kiukiang and Hankow. 'Unfair favoritism' and closing of the once Open Door are freely and bitterly charged.

But when China closed the Yangtze, thereby barring foreign goods from easy access to the interior, and thus automatically throwing the trade to Chinese-owned factories and industries, the Third Powers made no protest about closing the Open Door. This was due to 'unfair favoritism' arising from a sentimental sympathy for China, the Japanese say.

Japan's Minister of the Navy and various Japanese admirals in China have declared with complete frankness that the Yangtze will not be reopened to Third Power shipping 'until the Chiang Kai-shek régime is crushed,' so we know what to expect unless we are prepared to exert pressure upon Japan.

Foreigners who reside in Shanghai, the handful of them left in various cities along the lower and middle Yangtze, and Third Power naval observers who have been up and down the stream in foreign gunboats, deride the Japanese contention that the river is so crowded that Third Power ships would embarrass Japanese warships and transports. They also deride Japan's argument that because of mines planted by the Chinese the river is still 'very dangerous.'

The Japanese Navy has been in control of the Yangtze as far upstream as Nanking and Wuhu since mid-December, 1937, it is pointed out by these naval experts. The Japanese have controlled the river as far as Kiukiang since July of last year, and as far as Hankow since late October of last year. If, in this period of time, they have been unable to clear the river of mines, they are inefficient as a naval force, and might as well pack up and go home, say these critics; but the Japanese Navy is not inefficient, and therefore this plea is discarded.

One of the main motives actuating the continued closure of the Yangtze is rarely discussed by any Japanese.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That is the natural wish to conceal, for as long as possible, the very precarious hold they have upon the areas on both the north and south banks of the river—areas between garrisoned cities and towns. Those areas are almost completely dominated by guerrilla and bandit gangs, and Japan fears that if she permits Third Power shipping to use the waterway, then many neutral ships might be fired upon from the shore by mistake; this will show fully that the Yangtze is merely a hazardous line of communication instead of being a great river flowing through a tranquillized occupied territory in which rehabilitation is supposed to be making marked progress.

Another factor of the situation, important to the Japanese but ignored by nations protesting against the continued closing of the Yangtze, is that Japanese naval and land forces acting in coöperation forced the booms, reduced the Chinese forts, and cleared the channel of mines for their own military purposes. These results were accomplished only at large expenditure of lives, treasure and effort, and therefore in a very real sense, the Japanese contend, the Yangtze may legitimately be regarded as one of the prizes of war.

II

The Japanese are technically and factually correct when they contend, in defense of their stand, that the occupied zones of China are not necessarily safety zones in which they care to assume any remote responsibility for the safety of Third Power nationals—even the indirect responsibility incurred by giving them permission to return to those zones for residence or to trade. The guerrilla tactics adopted by the Chinese, say the Japanese spokesmen, result in turning 'the whole country into one vast battlefield.'

That is a good excuse, as far as it goes. But it does not explain why Japanese are permitted to go into the interior cities by the thousands for residence and for trade, why the former Chinese residents are urged to return to their homes and farms, and why at the same time Americans, Britons and other Third Power nationals are, in the main, debarred from such returns.

'No vessel is engaged in general trade on the Yangtze,' says one flat statement made by the Japanese Navy spokesman; but that is a mere quibble, unless the fact that all Japanese merchant ships on the river carry at least a small proportion of naval or army supplies with their cargo means they are not exclusively in 'general trade.'

Although the justice of foreign complaints about trade on the Yangtze is vigorously denied, nevertheless Japanese Navy spokesmen do guardedly admit the existence of the conditions and practices upon which these complaints are based.

Pressed for a direct reply to the question as to whether actual trade was being conducted along the Yangtze to the detriment of Third Power nationals and companies, and to the exclusive benefit of Japan, the Navy spokesman has admitted that many of the transports on their return to Japan carry cargoes of cotton, foods, hides, iron ore, coal, bristles and like raw materials.

'But most of these materials,' he hastened to add, 'are designed for eventual manufacture into articles for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

military use. And after all, Japan is an island empire, and is therefore forced to import raw materials from overseas. As a matter of fact, most of our transports return to Japan with their holds empty, for the unsettled conditions along the banks of the Yangtze, and the activities of the Chinese guerrillas, do not encourage large scale concentrations of produce of any kind at any of the river ports.'

The Navy spokesman admits that Japanese vessels operating on the Yangtze carry other than Army and Navy supplies, in particular 'materials necessary for the rehabilitation of ruined areas and destroyed industries.' He says, too, that all cargoes not consigned directly to the Army or Navy go to 'organizations attached or subsidiary thereto.'

A claim of this kind, of course, if it is conceded as valid, excuses the presence at Yangtze Valley cities and towns of Japanese lumber dealers, general merchants, canned goods salesmen, purveyors of chewing gum and even of Japanese florists. For must there not be flowers for funerals?

III

Under this same claim the Central China Development Company, a great monopolistic holding corporation, is permitted free sway to its many activities. For, argue the Japanese apologists, the Central China Development Company is fostering the rehabilitation of industry, and is 'coöperating with the Reformed Government at Nanking in activities essential to the achievement of Japan's ultimate aims.'

This Central China Development Company, with an authorized capital of 100,000,000 yen, had a paid up capital of 31,000,000 yen by mid-April of this year. It was organized about November 1, 1938, and made a profit of only 20,000 yen the first two months of its existence, but since it is engaged largely in monopolistic enterprises, will probably earn enormous sums in the future if Japan can keep her hold on Central China. There is an even larger similar company with headquarters at Peking—the North China Development Company, which has an authorized capital of 300,000,000 yen.

The Japanese say that foreign investment in the Central China Development Company will be welcomed, but up to the middle of April of this year the company was, admittedly, wholly Japanese, although considerable Chinese money is invested in some of the company's many subsidiaries.

There will be no countenancing of public ownership of essential utilities in Central China, if Japan has her way, for the Central China Development Company is chiefly interested in what the Japanese call 'welfare works,' and will enjoy perpetual monopolies upon electric and gas plants, waterworks, telephone, telegraph and wireless communications, railways, bus services, fish markets, town-planning projects, mining and inland steamship navigation upon the rivers, creeks and canals tributary to the Yangtze.

The United States is held up by the Japanese as a terrible example of encouraging competition in public utilities, and of the dire results of granting non-monopolistic franchises. They point to the plight of American railways, where duplication of routes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and of investments brought about huge losses.

The Nanking Reformed Government, at Japanese suggestion or dictation, announces the adoption of the policy of monopoly for the public welfare, and declares that it will permit business to be profitably conducted so that the public may benefit by good service from all essential utility companies.

The Central China Development Company's many subsidiaries are all under Sino-Japanese management, but the Japanese are in absolute control. They say they do not create monopolies because they themselves wish to corner all the business, but 'because of the nature of the business itself,' and insist that they hope for and will welcome foreign investment in all these enterprises.

It is difficult to reconcile the foregoing program with the seriously and apparently sincerely reiterated declarations from Japanese leaders to the effect that Japan 'aims only at very limited monopoly in China,' and that she does not 'intend to try to eat the whole apple,' because she realizes she cannot do so.

Enlightened Japanese diplomats and business men will tell you frankly that they realize coöperation among all the interested nations will be essential if China's economic and industrial rehabilitation is to be accomplished. Japan realizes that she must have a prosperous neighbor in China, or else be bitterly poor herself. Certain present monopolistic trends, these Japanese say, will automatically cease when the hostilities finally come to an end.

'On a fair play basis,' said one highly placed Japanese to me, 'we feel that we can compete with any one, provided there exists no anti-Japanese movement in China. If the Chinese people do not want Japanese goods, that can't be helped. But if they want to buy our wares, and are prevented from doing so by official or semi-official organizations, that is another matter, and an illegal one besides.'

IV

Just now, Japanese 'pressure' upon the International Settlement at Shanghai is arousing much adverse comment and even bitterness in China and abroad. Not only are great areas around the Settlement closed to foreign access, thereby barring owners of industrial plants and other properties from access to what they own, but in addition all of the Settlement north of Soochow Creek is kept under martial law, Chinese cannot cross the bridges without passes, a rigid curfew is maintained, and even Japanese military traffic rules are enforced.

Considering that the fighting zones have been far removed from the vicinity of Shanghai since mid-November of 1937, these measures seem inexcusable to all except the Japanese. They plead that portions of the Settlement north of Soochow Creek are used as military bases, which is true so far as it goes, but does not apply to the whole area. They also plead that there have been several disastrous incendiary fires, not only in Shanghai but even in Manchukuo, and that they believe incendiarism is part of China's war plan. And then they add that there are nearly 40,000 Japanese civilians residing north of the creek, and that terrorism and political assassination would probably break loose on a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

large scale if military control were relaxed.

These last two excuses must be rejected, and for the same reasons. First, already more than 300,000 passes have been issued to Chinese, to cross the bridges, and already many thousands of Chinese families have resumed residence north of the creek. Moreover, the cordon of control is neither complete nor effective, for every month thousands more Chinese get into this area by filtering in from the countryside or by crossing the river in sampans. Then, too, in the International Settlement south of the creek, where the Japanese military exercise no control, Japanese are only occasionally subjected to violence of any kind, and most of the acts of political terrorism are directed against Chinese who cooperate with the invaders. Japanese women and children, in distinctive Japanese dress, walk without molestation up and down the Settlement's business streets. In the main, Japanese-owned and managed stores and small shops operate without interference, and without even having an occasional brickbat thrown through their plateglass windows.

Many foreigners and Chinese in that portion of the International Settlement not already under Japanese control, and some in the adjoining French Concession as well, believe that a plan of suppression, encroachment and intimidation is being carried out by the Japanese with the idea of gradually so altering the status of these foreign-administered areas that they will eventually be in the same status as is Nanking or any other of the cities in China which are already in complete military occupation.

Over and over again there have been statements in the Japanese Diet, in the press of Japan, and in the Japanese-controlled press in China to the effect that all concessions and foreign settlements in China must be surrendered to the new Chinese régimes. And, moreover, officials of the Japanese-sponsored Nanking régime have openly declared that the International Settlement is its 'enemy' and must surrender. It is only natural, then, that the Settlement and its authorities are apprehensive, and that they are prompted to reject some of the moderate and reasonable Japanese demands for fear that they are designed merely as forerunners for an eventual demand for complete submission.

It greatly irks the Japanese when, on Chinese holidays, or on war anniversaries, the flags of the Chungking Government and the Kuomintang Party appear by tens of thousands in the International Settlement. The French Concession has prohibited the flying of these flags, but prohibition is not so easy in the Settlement, for there are five Chinese members of the Municipal Council, and they might walk out in a body, or resign *en masse* if the nine foreign members voted for the suppression of Chinese flags.

The Japanese also object, and quite rightly, it seems to me, to the fact that today there are half-a-dozen Chinese language newspapers published in the International Settlement which are openly and bitterly anti-Japanese. These newspapers are nominally published by Americans or Britons, but the suspicion is rife that they are financed from Chungking, and even if they are not they obviously permit their policies to be dictated by the Chungking Government and by the Kuomintang Party.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But there is another side to this propaganda newspaper question. In Nanking, in Hangchow and in Hankow there are now Chinese language newspapers (under absolute Japanese control, of course), which are carrying on bitter and vindictive anti-British campaigns, and even now and then carry editorials which openly advocate 'throwing all the white men out of Asia.'

The number of Chinese-language newspapers published in all the Japanese-occupied cities of Central China alone now exceeds thirty, and it was generally assumed in Shanghai that they were all under the control of the Special Service Section of the Japanese Army. The Japanese military spokesman in Shanghai professed complete ignorance concerning the source of control, but admitted that such newspapers must necessarily be censored. Two days later he made the childish explanation that 'The Japanese have nothing to do with the policies nor with the censoring of these anti-foreign newspapers. They are controlled and censored by officials of the Reformed Government at Nanking.'

It is puerile and useless evasions of this kind, by people supposed to be in authority, which have so largely damaged Japan's hitherto good reputation for honesty and straight-dealing.

More responsible Japanese have since admitted to me privately that this kind of anti-foreign campaign is not in conformity with the policy of the Tokyo Government, and that those responsible are probably hot-headed and rather ignorant little lieutenants whose heads have been turned by unexpected responsibilities.

The Chinese inside the Settlement raise a great outcry whenever the Municipal Council agrees to any Japanese demands. They seem to feel that they should be 'safe' inside the Settlement no matter what they may do.

What this class of anti-Japanese Chinese utterly fail to understand is that the safety and continuance of the Settlement and French Concession are dependent upon maintaining the strictest neutrality. The American Marines and British and French soldiers are in Shanghai to protect the lives, properties and status of their own nationals. They are not there to act as living shields for Chinese who conduct anti-Japanese propaganda, nor for Chinese who choose to assassinate Japanese or those Chinese who coöperate with the foreign victors.

Chinese in the Settlement and Concession who continue to carry on anti-Japanese activities, and the Chinese in Chungking who direct and finance these activities, are actually foolishly playing into Japan's hands. Japan has temptation enough to take the Settlement and Concession areas, for they contain, besides many Chinese banks, some of which are government-owned, literally hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property belonging to the Chungking régime—property which could be confiscated and bring in wealth to help Japan fight the war.

But even more important, seizure of these foreign areas would mean an end to American and European prestige and power and economic influence in China, and Japan ardently wishes to wrest from the white man his last foothold upon the eastern coast of the Asiatic mainland.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . . An earthly paragon! Behold divineness, no elder than a boy!

—Shakespeare

Excursion

By WINIFRED WILLIAMS

From *Adelphi*
London Literary Monthly

THE sun, appearing through cloud, turned the cathedral to gray pearl; then, as the light strengthened, to chalky white, till it seemed as though the dead army of craftsmen, building like coral-insects, had built it of their bleached and powdered bones. The sun became brilliant; the two massive west towers grew frailer and fairer than ivory, the vast window a network of hoarfrost, enclosing jeweled glass. The twenty flannel-suited school boys gaped up at the west door, as if longing to immortalize themselves with penknives on the studded oak.

'The West Front,' said Mr. Barkworth, 'is in two styles, decorated and perpendicular. You ought to know what perpendicular is by now. How many are taking architecture?' Ten brown hands shot up, then limply dropped.

'It's a pity. The papers are never difficult, and it's a subject anybody can get up in a short time. Well, it'll do you all good to learn something about this cathedral—architecture has become a necessary part of culture.'

Mr. Barkworth cleared his throat and looked at Lucy Grenfell. The pale face of the French mistress grew red beneath her shady hat.

'Now we'll go inside. Come quietly.' He looked menacingly around the gang of gray-flanneled prisoners. 'And keep together.'

They shuffled after Mr. Barkworth, but Lucy observed with amusement the sly pinches, the slick stealing of handkerchiefs, the snatching of pencils, the surreptitious larking. Mr. Barkworth plunged into the nave, a sour and ugly Pied Piper, followed by a crowd of reluctant boys.

'This was built between 1291 and 1345. Rome is not built in a day, you see. Who was king of England in 1345, Foster?'

Foster risked Edward.

'Right!' said Mr. Barkworth. 'Quite right. Now quietly, boys. Remember you're in the House of God.'

Lucy Grenfell's eye, searching the house of God, fell on young Philips.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He was propping his tall body against a stone pillar, staring up at the arched and pointed roof. His round mouth was slightly open; his finely-molded chin lifted as though in supplication. Lucy thought, watching him, if he could be stripped of that vile gray flannel and turned to stone, he would be a young angel, fitting occupant of this stone heaven. The rest of you, she added, glancing contemptuously at the cropped heads and protruding ears, the rest of you should be beheaded and used as gargoyles. And Barkworth, too.

II

'We're going now to the North Transept,' said Mr. Barkworth sharply. He looked at his limp flock. 'I suppose you all know that the Cathedral is built in the form of a cross?'

There was a bee-like murmur of assent.

The Cross! thought Lucy. I was brought up on it. Sacrifice! Serve your neighbor, prostrate yourself. Immolate the flesh! Cut off that boy's golden curls, wither his smooth skin by fasting, destroy his sex. The Cross can no longer hurt him in that way. . . .

She gave him a swift look; his eye caught hers. Suddenly his brows lifted ironically. She shivered, smiled, shivered again.

'We proceed through the North Transept to the Chapter House.' Mr. Barkworth's eyes turned sharply north. 'Pay special attention to the Five Sisters' Window.'

The warm afternoon light shone in bars through the brilliant windows. The saints, with ruby cloaks and sapphire feet, bent their serene, amber faces in eternal contemplation.

'The Chapter House is octagonal,' explained Mr. Barkworth, to the dull ears and yawning mouths. But Philips was laughing silently, sharing a joke with Taylor, a pale, sixteen-year-old midget in spectacles. Lucy felt a quick, incomprehensible anger—couldn't he appreciate the beauty around him; must the expression of rapture be left to the ugly faces of such as Peters? She went over to Philips; her hand shook touching his slim shoulder, but her voice succeeded in conveying her sneer.

'You might save up your funny stories for outside, Philips.'

He blushed and drew back. Her hand, leaving his shoulder, seemed suddenly numbed.

The bored, restless bodies of the boys wriggled after Mr. Barkworth. Only the peering, black-browed Peters was absorbed. The others were twitching with discomfort; and their secret resentment, their dislike of chapels, screens and culture shone forth in their bright hunted glances. But the gold head was lifted haughtily above the rest, and Lucy thought fearfully: 'I have offended him too deeply. I must placate him at once. I never meant—truly, I never meant—'

Mr. Barkworth floated up out of his guide-book to announce in ringing tones that the Vestibule was unimportant, and that the Chapter House could only be visited by special permission. He turned his tribe toward the choir; his boots joined in the merry clatter on the stone floor.

Philips was in front. Seeing his blond head leading, the darker heads following, she wondered if militarism would catch and make use of that bright beauty. In half a year he would be eighteen, ripe for destruction. And he would make an admirable leader—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men would follow that laughing young god as though hypnotized. The perfect young officer, she thought, seeing him leap forward, watching him fall and lie motionless, a stiff, unmutilated angel in khaki, among a heap of mutilated men. And she almost wished her fantasy were real; for one could have only tranquil feelings toward the dead.

'The crypt,' said Mr. Barkworth, 'is exactly under your feet.' The boys nearest him gave a jump, as though expecting the stone slabs to collapse like paper. 'But we shan't have time to see it.' He smiled pleasantly.

'What a blasted shame!' whispered Parker to Jones, at Lucy's elbow. 'The only part of the place worth seeing. Must be full of secret passages, cells and skeletons. I bet those old monks starved or smothered thousands. My dad says—'

'No talking, please!' snapped Mr. Barkworth. 'Remember where you are.'

Sullenly the boys remembered. But Philips, whose grace gave him an assurance no other boy dared show, walked up to Lucy and asked her, in his charming voice, if she knew much about architecture. Only a little, she shyly admitted. And did she think old Barkworth knew much either? His whisper was daringly loud; she caught his hand and gave it a warning pinch, her eyes glancing at the dark, fat, gesticulating body of the Headmaster. But Philips only laughed (the same low, musical laugh for which, she suddenly knew, she was always listening), and then turned away, his mocking face assuming a look of bright interest as the Head's eye, hawklike above his mumbling mouth, looked for the source of irreverent laughter.

They were out in strong daylight: the huddled rows of boys, blinking like gray owls, stared up at the sun, then at the cool green foliage. A pigeon flew down to the broad steps; its silver back and emerald neck flashed in the sun. Philips's hand swooped down; the fat, struggling body was lifted into the air. He threw back his head, holding up the fluttering, cooing pigeon, and the boys crowded round him, laughing, talking eagerly, paying unconscious homage.

'What on earth?' cried Mr. Barkworth. The red feet of the pigeon escaped, the wings spread like fans. 'Really, Philips!' exclaimed the Headmaster. 'You surprise me!' Had any other boy made a breach in the school discipline, thought Lucy, he would not have said: 'You surprise me.'

III

Following the stout black figure, the boys marched untidily through the flat streets to a mock-timbered tea-shop. They ate quickly, greedily, laughing and making spluttering jokes. Only those sitting near Mr. Barkworth were decorous and subdued, standing mentally at attention. But he confined his conversation to Lucy, who half-heartedly listened, and wished she had been as clever at inventing excuses as the rest of the staff. For she found being here, out of the school atmosphere, more painful than she had anticipated. At school the boy was her prisoner; he was compelled to bend his noble head over French composition, or stumblingly to answer her rapid questioning. Here he had her at a disadvantage: here she took her true place beside him. Was it right, she asked resentfully, that rare physical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beauty should give one this tremendous advantage?

Philips was running a discussion on cricket. He was as familiar with the names and records of cricketers as with the names and makes of cars. He did not sound stupid—anything that low, sweet voice cared to utter became inevitably worthy of attention. And after all, she decided, speech was a poor means of communicating profundities—they should be reserved for books. And now, asked a jibing voice, having explained away the banalities of his conversation, perhaps you will explain, too, his mediocre essays and his childish wit? They are both due to his youth—he has developed late. And Jackson tells me his mathematics are exceptional. . . . Oh God! He will be at school for nearly a year yet. . . .

And after all, why shouldn't I look at him for another year? If I stared for an hour each day at a statue or a cathedral I should be referred to as a woman of taste. Well, I choose to stare at something as fine; with the one difference that it's alive. . . .

He was leaning back in the frail, cheap chair, his face lit with laughter. What he said she could not hear, for now every boy, even those flanking Mr. Barkworth, had plunged into eloquent argument. His lips were parted, and her fancy likened him to the child in the fairytale whose sweet mouth, whenever it spoke, scattered pearls.

'Miss Grenfell!' The Headmaster was staring at her in irritated perplexity. 'It's about time we got these boys together and started for the train. They'll take a bit of settling.' He smiled, imagining himself settling them.

The journey to the railway station, said Mr. Barkworth, was not without interest. There were many ancient buildings to be observed, and some of the streets were extremely old. He would have liked to take them on the river, but he feared they must content themselves with looking at it. Seeing the boys start like thirsty cows at the mention of a river, he smilingly shook his head. 'Another time—' he said, graciously waving his hand. 'But this isn't a pleasure-trip, you know.'

Strangely, she thought, for he had never before shown her any favor, the boy left his attendants and came to walk beside her. He was taller than she by a head: she could look up to him as to a lover. What would he talk about? She had a sharp desire to flay him with her tongue; then she saw his eyes gently smiling down at her, heard him talking politely of the charm of the small, top-heavy houses. When they arrived at the imposing railway station, he was obliged to pluck at her sleeve to direct her, and his smooth voice was momentarily disturbed. She laughed (too shrilly, she knew), and followed him on to the platform.

'Say, Philips! This is our train!' bawled a voice from the rear. 'Are you two traveling on the tender?'

She looked around, bewildered. The engine shot a reproachful jet of steam at the dirty glass roof.

'Get in quietly, boys. Here are our compartments.' Three dingy windows bore bright new labels: RESERVED. PENFIELD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

IV

She sat by the window, next to Jones, who squirmed in embarrassment at finding his ungainly legs close

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the skirt of the French mistress. Thank God the boy is opposite me, so that I am not compelled to touch him, thought Lucy, watching his profile as he stared out of the window. Mr. Barkworth's head appeared at the carriage door and popped for a second inside. 'Two, four, six, seven—' he counted, and vanished.

The train shuddered, the wheels jolted.

As the pace of the train increased, so their restlessness deepened. To lie back on a cushioned seat for an hour and think or dream may have suited Peters, but for the others, thought Lucy (excepting always the proud head in the corner), the journey must be as flat and boring as the scenery.

Jones said suddenly: 'Let's play something.' His head, covered with bear's grease, smelling of stale violet scent, darted out of its corner, smooth as a cricket ball.

'What at? We've no cards,' mumbled Parker. He had a bright red face and hair like curved white wires.

'Toss for ha'pennies,' said Jones. 'Say, Philips, wake up!' He gave the drooping body a giant elbow-nudge. 'What shall we play, Philips?'

'I don't mind—I'll play anything.'

'There's a fly crawling up the window. I'll bet you twopence, Philips, that it flies off within ten seconds.'

'Right!' Philips suddenly sat upright.

Four boys whipped out watches. There was a new silence in the compartment. Philips raised his hand to look at his wristwatch, and Lucy, glancing, saw how long and shapely the hand was. The Gods forgot nothing, she thought. The fly crawled up the window: the train rattled rhythmically through the flat fields. Arriving at the white rectangle of paper, the fly hesitated. There was a murmur of excitement. 'Hang on, oh thousand-leggéd insect!' exclaimed Jones. The startled fly flew off the window.

'Eight seconds!' breathed Jones triumphantly, holding out his brown hand. Philips flicked two pennies into it.

'You cheated!' said Taylor. 'You made the air vibrate, so that the fly was scared. Philips would have won.' He was indignant.

'Let's play something else.' Philips leaned forward, his face flushing, his eyes dancing.

'But what?' asked Parker, coming alive. 'I've got a ladybird in a matchbox, if you can do anything with that.' He dived into the pocket of his stained baggy trousers. The matchbox was empty.

'Where on earth can it be? Ah!' He put his hand in his pocket; the large fingers gently drew out a tiny red ladybird. 'Box must have been open. Isn't it a beauty?'

The ladybird paraded its spotted scarlet beauty across the palm of Parker's hand. Six heads craned toward it, swaying with the train's movement. Taylor and Philips momentarily bumped, smooth copper against corrugated gold.

'Gosh!' said Beardsley. 'It's about the size of half a pea.' He rocked forward. 'Lend it to me for a minute.'

'Look out!' said Peters.

Suddenly, from beneath the brilliant, enameled shell two wings shot out, and the ladybird swooped upward.

'Gone!' cried Parker. 'Why the blazes—?' He gazed angrily at the open window.

'I wonder how many organs they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have inside 'em,' mused Beardsley, a look of vague speculation on his plump face.

'It would never occur to you to look in a book to find out, would it?' asked Peters.

'Shut up, Peters,' said Philips severely. 'Don't be so superior.'

Peters quietly shut up.

I will pretend to go to sleep, Lucy decided. That will be a way of escape from these oppressive young animals.

But even in the darkness she found no escape. His face, sharply clear, looked at her out of the black, surrounding mist, and his voice became penetrating. They were pleasantly discussing torture.

'People vary enormously,' said Peters, weightily. 'Jones wouldn't flinch so soon, but Philips and Beardsley couldn't stand much.'

Lucy half-opened her eyes, and saw, surprised, that Philips had gone paper-white.

'Are you saying I'm a coward?' asked Philips quietly.

'And me?' blustered Beardsley, his fat cheeks puffing out. 'And me?'

'You are!' said Philips contemptuously.

'I didn't say you were a coward. I said you wouldn't be able to endure as much pain as, say, Jones.' Peters' face shone with philosophic calm.

The train jerked over the points. Philips was thrown into his corner, but he quickly sat up. His face was still white, his smooth forehead damp.

'I'll do something you daren't do yourself, nor Jones, either.'

'Not likely!' said Jones heartily.

'All right!'

From under her lids Lucy watched the quick, graceful movement of his body as he plunged his hand in his pocket and produced an ivory penknife.

'I'll make a two-inch cut on the palm of my hand—and about an eighth of an inch deep. If I do it first, will you or Jones do it after me?'

Four pairs of eyes turned apprehensively towards the French mistress. But she sat as still as a piece of statuary, her small hands gripped together.

'You're bluffing, Philips. You daren't do it.'

'I dare.'

'Two inches across and an eighth deep.' Peters gave a slow, frightened grin. 'I wouldn't do it myself—I've got more sense—but I'll bet you half-a-crown you daren't.

'I'll do it for nothing, thank you. Keep your half-crown.' A look of contempt flitted over the superb face. The steel blades shot out of their ivory sheath, and sparkled in the dimming light. The boy felt them with his finger and pushed the smaller blade back into the socket. The heads of the boys drooped forward; their mouths fell open. In the center of a circle of protruding jaws, freckled skins, greasy and wiry scalps, the gold head bent for martyrdom. The sharp blade hovered for a second in the air, then descended deeply into the flesh. Lucy sprang forward, gave a sharp, angry cry, and snatched the knife from his hand.

'You—'

But the sentence went no further. She staggered, gave a deep sigh, and pitched forward. Her curd-white face, as she fell, struck the vibrating window, then she crumpled up into a small, compact heap on the dirty floor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Persons and Personages

Mercury from Downing Street

By A. B.

Translated from the *Weltwoche*, Zurich Independent Weekly

WILLIAM STRANG, the forty-five-year-old Counselor of the British Foreign Office, which dispatched him to Moscow when the Anglo-Russian negotiations were deadlocked, has little resemblance to a Greek god. Nevertheless, since his University College days, this plain-looking lanky official with the horn-rimmed spectacles has been saddled with the nickname of 'Mercury, the messenger of the gods'; he got the name because of his prowess as a student of ancient history. Gradually, 'Bill' Strang has grown to fit the rôle. For some years he has been the flying messenger of British diplomacy and, generally speaking, he is a glutton for work. Whenever there is a spoke in the wheels of foreign policy, Mr. Strang takes a plane, as he did on June 13 last, and rushes forth as a trouble-shooter. He fulfilled that mission at the time Sir Samuel Hoare negotiated the notorious compromise with Pierre Laval in the Ethiopian question. Later he placed himself with equal readiness at the disposal of Hoare's successor, Anthony Eden, when sanctions on Italy were to be imposed. Last year, when the September crisis reached its climax, it was Strang who was in charge of the Central-European department in the Foreign Office and who persuaded his chief to go to Godesberg.

But it would be erroneous to consider Strang a spokesman, or advocate today, for 'Munichism.' Like Mercury, he changes constantly, assuming the rôle of mediator, responding like quicksilver to the slightest deviation in European policy. It is this ability which has carried him, the son of a small farmer, to one of the highest posts in the British Foreign Office—ordinarily the inheritance of students of Eton and Harrow. Strang worked his way through the University of London and the Sorbonne on a scholarship; he attended the same lectures and had discussions with many students who today hold diplomatic posts in the Balkans, and with whom he now continues discussions around the conference table.

This is not Strang's first encounter with the Russians, who remember that he was secretary of the British Embassy during the trial of the Metropolitan Vickers engineers in 1933, when Anglo-Russian relations reached their lowest point in many years. This is unfortunate, since his mission now is to aid in bringing these relations to a new high. Besides,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Strang's share in the Munich Conference, from which Russia was excluded is also remembered and, in some quarters, resented. Nevertheless, Mr. Strang is an alert and competent diplomat. It is said that more than anyone else in the Foreign Office he was responsible for the spade work that enabled Britain to come to an agreement with Poland, Rumania and other eastern European countries. He is, moreover, an expert linguist in the Slavic tongues.

In Richmond, near London, Mr. Strang entertains on a lavish scale, although he is a timid and retiring man. But recently he has asked the Foreign Office to shield him from the glare of publicity protesting he was only going to Moscow as the technical assistant of Sir William Seeds, the Ambassador. He keeps in his house the art treasures collected on his diplomatic journeys, for he is an ardent connoisseur. Shortly before his present trip to Moscow, Strang told a Parliamentary correspondent that he would much rather have gone to Geneva. For a moment there was consternation. Subtle diplomatic insinuations were suspected. Did that mean that Strang regarded further negotiations over the Anglo-Franco-Russian pact as futile? But a denial followed. 'I had planned,' 'Mercury' explained, 'to visit the exhibition of the Prado paintings over the week-end.'

Nijinski Revisited

By Serge Lifar

Translated from *Paris-Soir*, Paris Liberal Daily

THE first time I saw Nijinski was in 1924. At that time Diaghilev still refused to accept the inevitable, hoping against hope that some miracle, some shock, would restore Nijinski's reason. In the hope of inducing such a shock, Diaghilev prevailed upon the dancer's sister-in-law, Mlle. Teresa Sulska, to bring him to a rehearsal of the *Facheux*. Nijinski's appearance caused great pain to the whole group. His stare was terrifying; it was fixed beyond us, and on his lips hovered the faint idiotic smile of a man who is no longer of this world, who understands nothing.

We bowed low before him, new dancers as well as the veterans who knew him in the days of his glory and who now were lost in an emotion of sadness and pity; we went through our steps heavily and uneasily, as if ashamed of still being able to dance before the Prince of the Dance, who would never rise on his toes again. . . .

Five years later, in January, 1929, Diaghilev decided to try again; I accompanied him to Passy, where Nijinski was living. A servant admitted us into his room. I saw a man dressed in an untidy dressing-gown

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and bedroom slippers, stretched out on a low couch, his legs crossed—he retained this pose throughout our visit. He was constantly biting his nails until blood flowed, stopping only to make some graceful though unnatural motions of greeting with his hands. I approached him and touched my lips to his hand—it was dry and hot. He threw at me a look of a hunted animal, then, unexpectedly, smiled at me, a child-like smile that immediately won my heart.

Diaghilev explained to him that I was Lifar, the dancer, and that I had come to greet him, who was the greatest dancer of all time. The muscles of his face twitched:—

'Does he leap?' he exclaimed suddenly. Then he relaxed and laughed in a charming and spontaneous manner that made us forget for a moment his infirmity. . . .

Diaghilev decided to bring him that evening to the Opera where we were dancing *Petrouchka*, with Karsavina and myself in the main rôles. He was hoping again that a miracle might take place in that atmosphere which was once Nijinski's whole life.

I called for him that evening at nine o'clock to take him to the theatre. He was seated, fully dressed, in a strained pose, staring upward. I helped him down the stairs, supporting his arm. Suddenly he broke the silence by saying to me in French (his entire conversation with me during the visit was in French):—

'Be careful!'

Outside of those two words he said nothing: he had withdrawn into himself, and I had ceased to exist for him. At the Opera he examined with attention the hall and the stage—the first ballet had just begun—but he was no longer with us. He gave the impression of a man completely absorbed by profound thoughts that had shut out the world for him. God knows of what he was thinking—but he was far, far away from us and the ballet.

I now saw Nijinski for the third time. He had grown thinner and seemed more supple, more elastic—perhaps because of the bar in the hall downstairs, where he was able to take some exercises. He looked less savage and more sociable; he had lost that dreadful hunted look; he no longer bit his nails until his fingers bled, and he willingly did everything that was asked of him. His nervous hands still wove in and out in a constant dance of their own, that at times had a haunting beauty; some of his movements reminded one of a Siamese dancer. But his childlike, confident smile had disappeared; a spasmodic raucous laughter took its place, that contorted his whole body into violent and angular poses.

When we entered into Nijinski's room, he was talking to himself in a language that no one could ever understand—a curious mixture of French, Italian and Russian.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I asked him: 'Vatza, do you remember Diaghilev?'

He replied immediately (his reflexes are much swifter than those of a sane man): 'You remember him! Yes, yes, remarkable!'

And suddenly again that terrible raucous laughter, that threw his whole body into violent spasms. He generally answered immediately to the questions asked him, but without understanding them, as if his answers were inspired by some word that aroused in him a passing association, immediately broken off. His ideas flowed like an erring stream, without stopping for a moment, or coming to a conclusion; that is why it is hopeless to ask him to repeat anything he has said; he never knows what it was—there is no logical sequence in his thought.

Giving way to an irresistible impulse, I decided to dance in Nijinski's presence—for him! I put on my dancing costume and ballet shoes and began to do exercises at the bar. Suddenly I heard the words: 'You can fall in the air . . .' trailing off into indistinct muttering.

I continued my exercises and the rhythm that animates all living things began to awaken in Nijinski; he began to nod his head in time, then to tap with his foot and finally to count; 'One, two—one, two.' Suddenly he cried out:

'*Ferma!*'—an old, now extinct ballet term, dating from his school-days.

I asked him: 'Vatza, do you remember Maestro Cecchetti?'

'Yes, Cecchetti, great, very great. . . .'

My words had touched some obscure association, and then slipped off—and again there came that raucous laughter, followed by convulsions.

A phonograph was brought in, together with the records of the *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* and the *Spectre de la Rose*. First I danced the *Faune*. Nijinski watched me closely, at first frightened, even hiding himself, then following my every movement like a cat ready to pounce on a mouse. Nevertheless, the rhythm of the *Faune* brought no response, and soon he relapsed into apathy.

I began to dance the *Spectre de la Rose*. And it was then that the miracle took place. The rhythm of the *Spectre* somehow reached Nijinski. Certainly he did not recognize Weber's melody; he did not know what I was dancing; but the insistent rhythm worked on him ever more profoundly. At first he merely expressed his satisfaction: 'Ah, that is so good! . . . Very good. . . . Very good. . . . Magnificent!'

Then responding to the appeal of my leaps, my *entrechat-six's*, Nijinski began to leap, without the slightest effort, without any preparation—not even a slightest *plié!* His elevation was an unforgettable thing to watch. Romola Nijinski and my brother watched the miracle, pale, motionless and shaken—the dancer's wife because after twenty years she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

saw the miracle of long ago repeated, and my brother before a spectacle that he had never seen before.

Though his feet were encased in heavy leather shoes, Nijinski executed innumerable *entrechat-six's* in an irreproachable style. I continued dancing for him, drawing him after me into the magic circle of the dance. His steps took a more definite form: I could distinguish a graceful *pas-de-bourrée*, *cabrioles*, perfectly timed beats. The record stopped. Nijinski was breathing with difficulty. Deeply moved, in a sort of ecstasy, I threw myself on my knees before him. And again the genius of the dance responded to my emotion. He, too, went down on his knees and said to me, pointing to my foot:—

'Good! Yes! Very good!'

Alas, the miracle came to an end and the familiar, terrible, raucous laughter drowned out the last words of the God of the Dance. . . .

Virginio Gayda

By Frank Gervasi

Condensed from the *Daily Express*, London Conservative Daily

AN ENGLISH journalist once asked me to present him to 'this man Gayda,' the man the world knows as 'Mussolini's mouthpiece.' As we walked to the Palazzo Sciarra, where Gayda works, my friend speculated on the physical and mental characteristics of the fellow journalist he was about to meet.

His idea of Fascist No. 3 was a composite of Mussolini, Count Ciano, Minister Alfieri, a few caricatures by Strube and Low—all superimposed on a likeness of the Ogre in *Jack the Giant Killer*. My friend, in fact, had a mental image of Dr. Virginio Gayda which I dare say is shared by thousands of Britons. He thought Gayda was 'tall, massive, baldish, with a wide mouth, a prominent chin, bluish bristling beard, loud of voice, dark, fiery of eye, dressed always in his Fascist Party uniform, broad of beam, hammy of fist.'

Although I seldom agree with Dr. Gayda's political views, it was with a certain satisfaction that I watched the look of amazement on my friend's face as he shook hands with the editor of *Il Giornale d'Italia*. What my friend found was a small, mild little man, with twinkling blue-gray eyes behind shell-rimmed spectacles. A wispy, brownish moustache, stained by ceaseless cigarette smoking, concealed a thin upper lip.

We found Gayda in a spacious office furnished in massive eighteenth century walnut, seated behind a typewriter which he works with his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two index fingers at amazing speed. His calm, inquisitive face, with a hint of pouchiness beneath the eyes, was outlined under the light from a huge green-shaded desk lamp. He often dictates his articles, but more frequently pounds them out at furious speed as the first edition is going to press, his large flat-topped desk littered with reference books and newspaper files in orderly disorder.

He has a slightly high-pitched but not unpleasant voice, and is notoriously poor as a conversationalist. He has rarely, so far as I know, been interviewed. His tongue loosens occasionally over the bridge table if the company is congenial, and on such occasions he is said to be witty and capable of biting satire.

His appearance on the whole is that of an Episcopalian minister, except that long years of newspaper work have left upon him that indefinable something that stamps a journalist. He would pass unnoticed in Fleet Street; the way he wears his hat, his soft shirts, give away his calling. I saw him once in a grayish-green striped suit, a battered felt hat, and a blue tie with wide silver stripes.

Gayda's most famous journalistic *coup* was his editorial, *Sanctions Mean War*, published soon after the League of Nations machinery to apply sanctions was set in motion against Italy. Gayda reached heights of invective in that piece he has seldom equaled since; but it served its purpose of telling the chancelleries of Europe that Mussolini was very much in earnest about carving Italy a slice of colonial cake, and that anyone who sought to stop him with guns would have a fight on his hands.

I referred to Gayda as Fascist No. 3—after Mussolini and Count Ciano. That is definitely the place he fills in foreign eyes. In Italy, however, Gayda has little political importance, ranking high only as a journalist. He is editor-in-chief of *Il Giornale d'Italia*, a Rome afternoon daily with a circulation of from 300,000 to 350,000, and of *La Voce d'Italia*, a Sunday newspaper that has a circulation of approximately 150,000. Gayda also edits the afternoon *Il Piccolo*, with a circulation of about 100,000.

In addition he writes for more serious reviews, such as *Affari Internazionali*, a literary weekly dealing with international affairs; he writes books and special articles, and broadcasts twice a week. He is easily Italy's most prolific journalist. His weekly output I would estimate conservatively at some fifty or sixty thousand words. He has probably one of the biggest reader audiences in the world, for he is quoted from Halifax to Tierra del Fuego, from London to Timbuctoo.

Yet I doubt whether Dr. Gayda earns as much as a top-flight English editor, or even as much as a good sub-editor.

Contrary to popular belief abroad, too, Gayda seldom submits his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

copy for approval by Mussolini or Count Ciano, or even to the dashing, handsome Alfieri, head of the Ministry for Popular Culture. What is true is that Mussolini or Ciano, and perhaps more rarely Alfieri, strikes a note on the Fascist political piano, and Dr. Gayda writes the theme song.

Gayda is Italy's least fettered journalist. His liberty of action is largely due to the fact that he has become thoroughly schooled in Fascist doctrine—a word I know Gayda will detest, for he maintains that Fascism is not doctrinarian. At any rate, Gayda needs no censorship, for he is sincere to a fault. What he says you may consider wrong, but you may be certain that what Gayda says Gayda firmly believes.

He was born on August 12, 1885, in Rome, of Piedmontese stock, which accounts for his seemingly ascetic aspect and outlook, his calm reserve, his shrewdness in business. He lives in one of the better quarters of Rome, in a modest villa packed to the ceiling everywhere with books. In case you'd like to call him up some time, his telephone number is Rome 34-773. He will undoubtedly answer himself, for, like all newspapermen, he lives with a telephone constantly at his elbow.

One of the best-informed men in Italy through his personal contacts with Mussolini and Ciano, he will never give you even a glimmer of what he knows his Government is going to do next; so it won't be any use asking him if Italy means to go to war!

Judging from the Italian *Who's Who*, Gayda was originally cut out to be a political economist. But after graduating from the School of Political Economy of the University of Turin he plunged into writing, and in 1908 became a reporter on the Turin newspaper, *La Stampa*, still considered one of the best journals in Italy—where, alas, there is now little to differentiate one newspaper from another.

He was on an assignment for *La Stampa* in Russia when the War broke out, and when Italy joined in he became an attaché in the Italian Embassy at St. Petersburg, entrusted with the task of arranging exchanges of Austrian prisoners for Italians captured by the Austrians. He left Russia in May, 1917, after having witnessed the first Russian revolution, and between then and the time he became, in 1926, editor of *Il Giornale d'Italia*, he carried out a few minor diplomatic tasks in Sweden and England.

Little is known of his metamorphosis into a Fascist of the front rank. He has never used political influence to obtain personal favor, so he makes light of whatever rôle he played in the Fascist revolution. But it is known that, as editor of *Il Messaggero* at the outset of the March on Rome, he was among the first to give Mussolini's movement his complete support.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

According to Robert Dell, Hitler still can't bring himself to believe that this time Great Britain really means business.

Behind the Moscow Impasse

By ROBERT DELL

Special Correspondence to *The Living Age*

THE prolongation of the negotiations with Soviet Russia and the ambiguous attitude of the British Government are bringing about a dangerous situation. At the time of writing it seems possible that, even though the British Government has informed Hitler that any interference in Danzig will be resisted, the worst may still happen. Hitler has, unfortunately, as much reason to doubt the sincerity of the recent change in British policy as the Russians have, and there is too much reason to believe that he is not convinced that the British Government will fulfill its obligations to Poland. The result of Neville Chamberlain's double-crossing is that he is distrusted all over Europe.

It can hardly be doubted that he never wished nor intended the negotiations with Russia to succeed and started them only in the hope that they would frighten Hitler into coming to an arrangement with England on better terms. Chamberlain has never abandoned the 'policy of appeasement,' the aim of which was an Anglo-German alliance.

It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the negotiations with Russia have been deliberately prolonged by the British Government in the hope that Hitler would become 'reasonable.' The hope has been disappointed. The British overtures to Hitler have only increased his belief that the British Government does not mean business in the negotiations with Russia and made him more arrogant than ever. This is not surprising, for the negotiations have now been going on for more than three months. The first British proposals to Russia were made on April 15 and about five weeks later the British Government at last agreed in principle to the Russian proposal of a triple alliance between England, France and Russia. The Russian position has been perfectly clear and consistent from the first. It is that there must be complete reciprocity between the three parties to the proposed alliance, all of whom

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must be bound to go to the assistance of any one of them that is attacked, either directly or because it has gone to the aid of another State that has been the victim of an aggression.

The British Government has hitherto refused to agree to the inclusion of Finland, Latvia and Estonia on the ground that they do not wish to be defended by Russia. No doubt the governments of these three States have not asked to be defended by Russia, or even by England and France. They are too much afraid of Germany to compromise themselves by making such a request, but it does not follow that they would refuse to be defended, if they were attacked by Germany. In any case the British Government has asked Russia to guarantee against aggression not only Poland, Belgium, Greece, Rumania and Turkey, none of which has asked for a Russian guarantee so far as is known, but also Holland and Switzerland, which have not even normal diplomatic relations with Russia. The Soviet Government has made no objection, but it insists that all the States bordering Russia should also be guaranteed.

How could the Soviet Government do otherwise? It is determined, quite rightly, that what happened in Czecho-Slovakia on October 1 and March 15 shall not be repeated in any of the border States of the Soviet Union. The Russians recognize that, if England and France were not bound with Russia to defend Finland, Latvia or Estonia against Germany except at the request of the government of the country attacked, it would be easy for the British and French Governments to tell the government concerned, as they told Dr. Beneš last September, that, if it did not agree with the German demands, England and France would give Germany a free hand.

If the Russian and English positions were reversed and Russia were asking England for help against a possible aggression from, let us say, a Franco-German alliance, England would certainly ask for a firm guarantee that Ireland would not be used by a Power or Powers attacking England. No British Government in such a case would listen to the argument that Ireland did not wish to be guaranteed by England. Hitler says categorically in *Mein Kampf* that Germany must in the first place seek for new territory in Russia and its border States. To get at Russia he must go through one of the border States and it is clearly to his interest to get control of the Baltic States first.

II

It may be said that Halifax's speech at the annual dinner of the Institute of International Affairs on June 29 ought to have convinced Hitler that this time the British Government really does mean business, for Halifax said: —

'In the event of further aggression we are determined to bring our entire strength into play immediately in fulfillment of the obligations we have assumed.'

If the British note of June 28 had been equally categorical, the effect on Hitler might have been greater, but that note laid stress on the fact that the British commitments were 'limited.' It is only too probable that Hitler counts on Neville Chamberlain to get out of the commitments some-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

how, when it comes to the point. His past experience has shown him that the present British Government does not always fulfill the obligations it has assumed.

Early this year there were secret negotiations between a group of some of the leading big business men in France and Ribbentrop, the German Foreign Minister, which were approved and encouraged by the French Foreign Minister, Georges Bonnet, and in which certain French Government departments took part. The French group wished to arrive at an economic understanding with Germany of so wide and comprehensive a nature that it would almost have amounted to a commercial union between the two countries. One of their arguments in support of this proposal was that such an agreement would free France from British domination. They did not, they said, wish to put an end to the close political coöperation between France and England — although such an agreement as they proposed would clearly have affected it—but they wished to put an end to the financial dependence of France on England which had more than once put the French franc at the mercy of the City of London. Ribbentrop, I understand, threatened that, if France did not come to an understanding with Germany, the German Government would stir up social revolution in France and elsewhere in Europe and would be more successful than Russia had been!

An agreement had not been reached when Hitler went into Prague on March 15 and presumably that event has put an end to the negotiations. It may be that the deputation of the Federation of British Industries was sent to Berlin early in March because the British Government had got wind of the Franco-German negotiations. Ribbentrop is quite capable of having caused the British Government to be informed about them to get an agreement with England. However that may be, the British industrial delegation, which was still in Germany on March 15, succeeded in making an agreement with the German industrialists, and the British Government had decided to send one of its members, Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Trade, and R. S. Hudson, Secretary of the Department of Overseas Trade, to Berlin to negotiate a formal trade agreement between the two countries. They had not left for Berlin on March 15 and their visit has never taken place.

III

Can it be doubted that Hitler was convinced by these overtures, and by the fact that the British and French Governments had not insisted on implementing the guarantee to Czecho-Slovakia, that he could go into Prague with impunity? About three weeks before March 15 the Czecho-Slovak Government informed the British and French Governments that it had reason to believe that Hitler contemplated a blow against Prague and asked the 'Munich Powers' to give effect to the undertaking of October 1 that the frontiers of Czecho-Slovakia should be placed under international guarantee.

At the same time the Czecho-Slovak Government offered to accept neutrality as the international status of the Czecho-Slovak republic. The information of the Czecho-Slovak Govern-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment was confirmed by British and French diplomatic representatives in certain European capitals. Whether the British and French Governments replied to the Czecho-Slovak Government or, if they did, what their replies were I do not know. In any case they took no action in the matter and thus became accessories before the fact to the crime of March 15. It is almost certain that the fact that the German preparations for the moving of army divisions into Bohemia were to be completed for March 12 was known to the British and French Governments. Indeed, after Hitler's annexation of Bohemia and Moravia, Georges Bonnet told the Foreign Affairs Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies that on March 11 the French Government had learned that German troops were being moved against Bohemia and at once informed the British Government. The British Government already knew it, for before March 11 the British Foreign Office had given information to American correspondents that showed complete knowledge of Hitler's intention to strike a blow at Prague.

Yet on the evening of March 9 an extremely optimistic official communiqué was issued in London, not, I understand, by the Foreign Office, but by Mr. Chamberlain himself. It was published in the whole British press next morning and began as follows:—

> The British Government's view of the foreign situation, it is authoritatively made known, is that it is less anxious and arouses less concern over possible unpleasant developments than it has done for some time. . . .

This communiqué was a piece of deliberate mendacity, intended to deceive the British public and to enable Mr. Chamberlain to pretend, as he actually did in the House of Commons on March 15, that he had been taken by surprise by Hitler's coup.

At the time of writing it is impossible to say what is going to happen in Danzig. Some reports say that Hitler is going to act at once, others that he will do nothing before August or even before the annual Congress of the Nazi Party in September. In my opinion, Hitler is probably flying a kite to see what the reactions are in London and Paris. If the negotiations with Russia are further prolonged—still more if they fall through entirely—he may take the risk of action in Danzig in the hope that England and France will leave the Poles in the lurch as they left the Czechs in the lurch and that he will have only Poland to deal with. If, on the other hand, a triple alliance between England, France and Russia is concluded, I still think that the chances are ten to one that Hitler will not dare to risk a war with England, France, Russia and Poland. He will not risk it unless he is quite mad and I do not believe that he is. The triple alliance between England, France and Russia is the only hope of saving the peace of Europe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Amazing results may be expected from current research in atomic physics.

Scientists' Pandora Box

By AUGUST PICCARD

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*
Zurich Conservative Daily

(*In some trepidation, scientists working in the field of atomic physics are confronted with a Pandora Box in their researches into the potentialities of uranium. They foresee that the atomic disintegration of even a minute quantity of that element might wreak havoc beyond human control; and they also forecast that when such a chemical breakdown becomes commercially feasible, the foundations of world economy will be drastically changed. The following article by a world-renowned scientist reviews the progress in this field to date.*—THE EDITORS.)

FOR some months a new discovery in the field of atomic physics has been occupying the attention of scientists. Solution of the old problem of the production of unlimited power from practically nothing has been brought a step closer.

Since the epoch-making researches of Albert Einstein and Ernst Mach, it has become clear that energy possesses the properties of matter. This means that energy is subject to the laws of inertia and gravitation—which in turn leads to the conclusion that all matter consists of concentrated energy.

The mass which corresponds to a given quantity of energy is infinitesimally small—equal to the energy divided by the square of the speed of light. Taking an example readily comprehensible to the layman, a kilogram of cold water increases in weight by five-millionth parts of one milligram when heated to the boiling-point. This increase in weight is infinitely small, but there can be no doubt but that it actually takes place. Conversely, from the infinitesimal smallness of this increase in the weight of energy it follows that every ponderable mass represents an immeasurably large reservoir of energy. Were one gram of matter to be completely transformed into energy, enough would be produced to keep a power plant with a capacity of one million kilowatts—or 1,300,000 horsepower—operating for twenty-four hours. For some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

twenty-five years it has been the dream of physicists to transform matter into useful energy, such as heat. Earlier this year, the solution of this problem was brought much nearer by researches conducted by Professor Hahn at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin-Dahlem.

When radium is mixed with certain compounds of the element beryllium, a large number of alpha-rays, emitted by the radium, strike the atoms of beryllium, with the result that here and there an atom of beryllium explodes. Each time such an explosion occurs, a neutron is ejected. The neutron is one of the newest of subatomic particles constituting the 'building stones' of matter. It has the same weight as a hydrogen atom, but has no electric charge, since its atom consists only of a nucleus, whereas a hydrogen atom consists of a positive nucleus—a proton—and a negative electron. Chemically speaking, the neutron corresponds to the figure zero in the system of elements.

The neutron is a strange kind of particle. Because of its minute dimensions, it is able to penetrate almost effortlessly into many substances until it may reach the nucleus of an atom. Such an atom increases in weight by one unit, without changing its chemical character. For some atoms, however, the intruding neutron creates a state of instability, manifested in the form of radio-activity. The atom explodes and is thus transformed into a different atom—which may or may not be stable.

II

This is exactly what happens in the case of uranium, the heaviest of all atoms. When struck by neutrons, the atomic nuclei of uranium each disintegrate into two lighter nuclei, each of which has approximately half the mass and half the electric charge of uranium. These elements created by splitting uranium are unstable. But they quickly change into stable elements. In this process almost precisely one-thousandth part of the mass of uranium is transformed into free energy. Thus, for every neutron absorbed by uranium, we ultimately obtain a certain quantity of heat. The process, however, has heretofore not been commercially profitable, because the neutrons have been difficult to obtain, even when they are produced by one of the modern 'cyclotrons' instead of being extracted from radium and beryllium. The cost of operation is much greater than the value of the heat produced from uranium by the neutrons.

The most recent discovery shows that among the products arising from the disintegration of a uranium atom are at least two new neutrons. These new neutrons are ejected at such tremendous speed that, in most cases, they leave the lump of uranium unchanged. In fact, they can be detected and counted outside of the uranium.

Now, what would happen if it were possible to retain all of these newly created neutrons inside of the uranium, letting them produce their effect there? Each disintegrating uranium atom would give rise to the splitting of two additional uranium atoms. These in turn would destroy four atoms, etc. For the first time in atomic physics we would have the long sought *chain reaction*.The number of split atoms would grow in geometric proportion. In a very short time the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

greater part of uranium would be disintegrated, and the products of this disintegration would be lighter by one gram for every kilogram of the original uranium. In place of this destroyed gram, however, we would have the enormous energy of twenty-four million kilowatt hours.

How can this chain reaction be brought about? One approach to the solution is obvious—to use so much uranium that the neutrons can hardly reach the surface without first coming into collision with the nucleus of a uranium atom. Until a few weeks ago it was believed that this would not be possible unless a mass of at least 1,500 tons of uranium were to be used —a quantity believed to be larger than all the uranium ever mined. Recent research in Paris, however, seems to indicate that a quantity of no more than ten to twenty tons of metallic uranium may be sufficient. It is possible that even this quantity may be considerably reduced if means are found to slow down the speed of the neutrons.

Interest in this has grown recently to such an extent that uranium producers have been swamped with inquiries and orders from all over the world. Since uranium occurs chiefly in the form of ore and oxide, however, it will be some time before large quantities of the metal can be produced. When that point has been reached, the world will witness some highly interesting experiments. If means are actually found to release the chain reaction here described, it will be a truly diabolical discovery. Consider: the energy produced by the disintegration of one kilogram of uranium, with the resultant disappearance of one gram of matter, will be equal to the explosion of a thousand tons of dynamite!

Even if the disintegration of the uranium should require only an infinitesimally small fraction of a second, temperatures of several billion degrees may well be expected, and the resultant gas pressure could wreak havoc over a wide area. One can only hope that Providence has arranged matters in such a way that the disintegration of uranium will proceed slowly, subject to human control. If this takes place, man will derive tremendous profit from such disintegration, and possibly from the breakdown of certain other heavy elements. The entire foundations of world economy would be completely changed. Today one kilogram of uranium costs some fifty Swiss francs ($11.00), not counting the valuable by-product, radium. If such a kilogram of uranium can be slowly disintegrated underneath a steam boiler, it will produce as much heat as 1,600 tons of first-grade coal. Even if low-grade uranium ore were to be utilized, the resultant energy would still be a thousand times cheaper than that produced by coal.

A simple calculation shows that the present production of uranium would merely have to be doubled to obtain the same quantity of heat now derived from the entire world production of coal.

There are still many question marks in this field. How soon they will be answered no one today can tell. But that they will be answered seems a certainty.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Filipino appraises his country; Hungary is warned against Nazi inroads; a Mediterranean vantage point.

Topics *of the* Times

I. The Philippines Stops to Reflect

By Vicente Abano Pacís

From the *Philippine Magazine*, Independent English-Language Monthly

IT IS logical that, with the Commonwealth well on its ten-year period and the Republic about to be established, the Filipinos should show unmistakable evidence of a maturing attitude to criticism of their shortcomings by themselves or by others. Recent public pronouncements by government officials indicate that the Commonwealth has finally begun to analyze itself. The inevitable result is articulate self-criticism.

The Filipinos, after all, are in the position of the man who is about to start on a long trip and checks up his luggage for anything that he might have forgotten. They are engaged in probing their recognized merits and in exposing their hidden defects. Thus, not very long ago, President Quezon castigated the landlords for exploiting their tenants, and the tenants for lacking the capacity for sustained and efficient work. Secretary Alunan, before that, actually invited the people to criticize the government. Still more recently, Solicitor-General Ozaeta denounced some Filipinos who traded on their citizenship.

Speaker Yulo, in a recent commencement speech, directly or impliedly criticized the emphasis of some universities on the quantity rather than on the quality of graduates, and did not mince words to expose the defeatists among the people, the political slackers who have no faith in their country and refuse to coöperate in the final attainment of Filipino liberty now so near at hand. Equally relentless was he in his criticism of 'our compatriots who, for paltry sums, often proffer their assistance and even lend their nationality' to alien chiselers intent on stealing portions of our natural resources, which the Constitution expressly reserves for our citizens.

Picking it up where Quezon left it off, Secretary Roxas was most emphatic and merciless in his attack on Filipino indolence. The latter speaker criticized the more or less common

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

belief among the people that the country can be legislated into prosperity, and blamed the Filipino's disdain of productive labor for the poverty of the nation. 'The Filipino does not work enough,' he declared, 'he does not work continuously, he does not work scientifically, and what is worse, many Filipinos do not work at all. . . . There are some Filipinos who are content with the bare means of existence. That is the outlook of the unsocial man. That is the attitude of the beast in the jungle.'

Twenty or thirty years ago, a Filipino public servant dependent on popular vote would have had to draw up his political testament before making utterances similar to the above. If a private citizen, he would still have had to contend with the suspicion that he was in the payroll of imperialists or with charges that he was a traitor to his race. The one or the other would have indulged in nothing but harmless and innocuous frothing on Filipino patriotism.

But now we are criticizing ourselves and this is more important than any specific criticism that any one can ever make. Self-criticism would be worthless, of course, if it did not have important content. To be constructive, effective and purposive, criticism must attack specific evils and vices and propose ways of eradicating or overcoming them. But to us who are just discarding the shell of self-inflicted taciturnity, the new freedom is far more significant than any single item in its substance.

It is essential that we correct our existing defects, but it is far more indispensable that we also correct our future shortcomings. Self-criticism, once acquired as an art in the sense that we know how to make as well as to heed it, will not only purge our civilization and culture of its cancerous growths but, in the long run, it will also be the surest guarantee to continued sane and sound progress. Applying the purifying qualities of criticism on our present defects, we ought in the end to be able to prepare ourselves adequately for independent nationhood.

II

In a large part of our beliefs there seems to be a measure of confusion or inconsistency that fairly neutralizes them. Our attitude to gambling is especially glaring in this respect. While, fundamentally, we apparently hold gambling as a pernicious vice and have marked it for eradication, we do not feel averse to gambling if it is indulged in in the guise of taxation. We go after *jueteng* and poker, sometimes with all the ardor of a reformer, yet, in a special law, the government has legalized the national sweepstakes.

Then our morality is lopsided. We continue to adhere to the double standard. While our attitude to woman is still a curious mixture of the Oriental and continental, we also uphold monogamy and sex equality. The more or less open practice of concubinage is still widespread, proving our practical if private sympathy for the essentially oriental institution of polygamy. At the same time we marry by Western rites and continue to raise our women to expect a half share of everything worldly.

Our men, in other words, get by with a lot of things, and this belief often conditions their social and political morality. A high American federal official who recently visited Manila was frank in his belief that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we not only lacked sufficient leaders but that our bureaucracy is also clogged with dishonest men. Popular government is something that, for lack of sufficient discussion and criticism, we do not yet fully understand. We seem still to adhere to the earlier Philippine notion that all we need to build a republic is a governing clique and a governable people. Judging from current performances, the regimented Germans, Italians and Russians are the world's most governable people and their rulers the most efficient governing cliques. Yet no one will even pretend to see in the autarchic states the mere semblance of popular government.

If we must build a democracy we must accept and promote the idea, until it is a reality, that our masses must be more than governable—they must also know and must actually help to govern themselves not only by participating in the popular elections but as well because their thoughts, opinions and aspirations are, from day to day, reflected in governmental policies.

Of the many bewildering lessons of democracy, constitutionalism is to us the newest and least digested. It is true that we have had organic laws during the last forty years, but being mere acts of Congress, they did not really partake of the rigidity and absolute supremacy of a constitution. Not until three years ago did a constituent assembly of our own selection draw up a Constitution for our perpetual governance. The spasmodic clamor for its amendment indicates that it has so far failed to acquire the indispensable quality of comparative permanence and perpetuity in the popular mind.

Lastly, we are apparently not certain as to the final materials to embody in our social and economic institutions. With respect to many social items, like language and clothes, we are torn between our petrified emotions and enlightened opinions. With respect to our future economic set-up, we are still uncertain whether or not it will be Occidental or Oriental in standards.

On all these various matters of profound importance we shall sooner or later make our decisions. They should be decisions reached not by a small governing group but by the whole people, through penetrating analysis and criticism.

II. Hungary, Beware!

By Count Stephen Bethlen

Adapted from *Pesti Napló*, Budapest Liberal Daily

THOSE who have read the results of the recent elections in Hungary are probably convinced that the Government won a decisive victory over its political enemies. The Government parties received 70 per cent of the votes while all of the Opposition did not glean more than 77 seats out of the 260 in Parliament. Of these 77, the Agrarians, Social Democrats and other 'Leftists' received 34, so that the various 'Rightists' did not get more than 43 seats.

Reading these results, the man in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the street takes a deep breath, quietly puts aside the newspaper and persuades himself: 'Now, you see? You see that, after all, constructive nationalism is the victor. All the warnings that a Nazi revolution was coming may be disregarded. All the National Socialists could take in was 16 per cent of the votes. It is clear that the Nazis have no future in this country. . . .'

But if we analyze the results of the elections more thoroughly, we see quite a different picture. I am sorry to say that this picture is terrifying and its perspectives much darker than either my friends or myself had ever believed possible.

We can't afford to harbor any illusions or pretty dreams. The symptoms point toward a serious upheaval similar to that of 1918, the year of the Bolshevist revolution in Hungary.

Today, I predict the coming crisis as I predicted the nationalist perils in 1914 and the revolution in 1917. I feel as I felt in the past, *i.e.*, that the majority of the Hungarian intelligentsia will realize the peril when it is too late.

Analyzing the results of the recent election, we can see that while the eastern part of Hungary is still immune to Nazism, the situation in other parts of the country is ominous. The darkest spot is in the capital of Hungary, in Budapest and its surroundings. The inhabitants here form the core of Hungarian political life. And they gave more votes for the Nazis than for the Government. So the heart of Hungary is already dominated by Nazism and it is from there that the poison will spread over the entire country. The next stronghold of Nazism is in western Hungary, where the two counties of pure Hungarian race cast the most votes for Nazism.

The only reason that the Nazis did not have a greater victory was because of their many disadvantages. Nevertheless, Nazism is pushing toward its goal of complete domination, and the question is whether there is any possibility of stopping it.

It depends primarily on whether the Government will take the offensive against the radicals or follow their previous policy of indulgence, which is bound to end in shameful capitulation. The prospects are gloomy. I do not believe that this Parliament, whose standard is much lower than that of the former, is better fitted to fight against the Nazi demagogy.

It is wise to be skeptical of new political theories. History will show their value after many years have elapsed. But it is not we, a small and fragile nation, who should experiment.

III. Digging in at Gibraltar

By K. S. Robson

From the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London Conservative Daily

As our ship swung out of the Straits into Gibraltar Bay we were drawn on deck by the lights clustered at the foot of the looming Rock, from half a dozen points of which searchlights were poising and repoising their rays in the sky. Our last sign of England had been the searchlights exer-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cising restlessly over the Solent and Southampton Water. Here was Gibraltar keeping its lonelier watch.

Gibraltar has not slackened the pace of its preparations for defense. In bed at night you can hear the unceasing motion of machinery and cranes in the naval dock-yard. By day companies of workmen are to be seen drilling and blasting continually at various points around the Rock. Such is the common interest in self-defense that the warders of the local jail are helping prisoners in their penal task of making sandbags required for shelters.

Until quite recently Gibraltar had been turning a commercial eye upon its singular position and history. For want of more serious purposes some of the subterranean galleries and bomb-proof batteries were opened to the tourists landing almost every day from calling ships.

That phase is over. Such sightseers' objectives as the Middle Gallery, whose apertures look out on the Spanish hills beyond La Linea, have lately been closed to the public and taken over again by the military. A fortress for 1,000 years, Gibraltar is preparing in all seriousness to uphold against modern weapons its reputation for impregnability.

The Governor and Commander-in-Chief, General Clide G. Liddell has no illusions about Gibraltar's portion in the event of hostilities conducted in accordance with the present divisions and coalitions of Europe. Gibraltar's primary value to Britain is that of a naval base. In the event of a war today in which Spain could be used for operations against the Rock, that use could be nullified, at any rate at first, by enemy howitzers in the Spanish and Moroccan hills, supported by aircraft operating from air-dromes distant only a few minutes' flight. But the Commander is convinced that it would be possible for the garrison to hold the Rock itself against all attack and thus prevent a prized and important position falling into the hands of the enemy.

It need scarcely be said that Gibraltar would not suffer bombardment passively. The armaments of the Rock have been appreciably strengthened in recent weeks. Latest types of artillery, including anti-aircraft artillery, have been installed in every strategic position and enough munitions stored in bomb-proof magazines to feed the guns for many months. Yet owing to the confined boundaries of the Rock the advantage in artillery action would unavoidably lie with the movable batteries on the Spanish and Moroccan mainland. It is for this reason that thorough preparations are being made for a long and at first highly destructive siege.

II

There are some 25,000 persons living on the Rock. Were war obviously imminent, it would probably be possible to remove 1,000 or so women and children to England or French Morocco. The remainder would stay to live a troglodyte life in the huge caverns that are now being made to shelter them.

There are to be ten of these caverns, each one accommodating from 1,000 to 1,500 civilians. The first is nearly ready. The others will be finished by the beginning of July. Each is to be fitted with benches, electric lights, drinking water, first-aid station and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gas-proof curtains. As there would be very brief warning of the approach of enemy aircraft, owing to the proximity of their bases, the caverns are being excavated in the lower part of the Rock, near and in the town, so that no civilian will ever be caught far from a shelter. To avoid congestion, there are to be five or six entrances to each cavern.

These shelters are being constructed at a cost of roughly £9,000 ($45,000) each. Part of this expenditure is being defrayed by selling the excavated débris to builders. For there is an awkward scarcity of building material in Gibraltar, and that imported is very costly. The débris is to be used in the construction of a much-needed block of flats.

As, in the event of war, the greater part of the garrison would be manning positions in the bomb-proof galleries of the Upper Rock, the security of the three infantry battalions and one artillery regiment stationed at Gibraltar is requiring less urgent attention. But the first serious task of the 1st Battalion of the Welsh Guards, who arrived from home last month to reinforce the garrison, has been to dig suitable cover for themselves near their barracks.

One of the most important questions that has had to be considered for the endurance of a siege has been the assurance of an adequate supply of food and water. Enough food has been laid by to last the garrison and population a good six months, by when, it is trusted, the Navy would have brought relief.

Drinking-water supply has always been a special problem at Gibraltar. Nine subterranean cisterns, utterly indestructible by an enemy, hold the water that runs from the catchments on the side of the Rock. To insure adequate reserves in the event of a siege, a tenth cistern is now being hewn. About 140,000,000 gallons of fresh water are already stored. Unfortunately this year's rainfall has been abnormally light. The average fall is 35 inches a year. At the time of writing—and the rain period is as good as over—there have been only 12 inches.

The Gibraltarians are themselves coöperating with enthusiasm in civil defense. A few months ago they were resigning themselves fatalistically to an exceedingly unpleasant time in the event of war. The Commander has now convinced them that there is no reason why they, if not their homes, should not survive the most formidable siege.

Although the majority of them are Spanish-speaking and many have close ties with Spain, their loyalty to England is unquestionable. A young Gibraltarian said to me the other day, 'Although I speak English imperfectly and Spanish perfectly, I feel myself to be wholly a British subject. Although we Gibraltarians live surrounded by soldiers and sailors in what is virtually nothing but a fortress, we feel as free as birds. We know that that would not be so under any other régime.'

When I watched the newly-disembarked Welsh Guards marching briskly to barracks to the piping of the *Lambeth Walk*, I thought I knew what he meant.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This French thinker traces the international crisis back to a spiritual one.

The Decline *of the* West

By Edmond Vermeil

Translated from *Ordre*
Paris Rightist Daily

THE present-day international crisis is one of a spiritual order—which does not mean that it is an ideological crisis. The word 'ideology,' in any event, should be used discreetly, if not actually deleted from the contemporary vocabulary. When one employs 'ideology,' one means a system of ideas, of principles, even slogans, which accompanies a movement and nourishes propaganda. The drama in which today we are both actors and spectators does not present an ideological conflict but rather one between certain moral values and one specific ideology.

A contradiction exists between the doctrines of humanism and racism. Humanism is a collection of perpetually valid moral laws, while racism is only an ephemeral ideology exploited by Germany and Italy to attain their ends, which are strictly nationalistic and amount to a new partition of the world. This is the conflict reduced to its true terms; and that is why it seems to me to be incapable of solution.

Nietzsche was the first to perceive and state this tragic conflict. At the moment when Germany had apparently achieved a level of prosperity that surpassed all her hopes, he prophesied the decline of moral values in Germany as well as throughout the rest of Europe. Yet those values are in the very structure of humanism, of every doctrine or religion that claims to change the destiny of mankind. They represent the essential forms that the spirit of international humanism assumed during the centuries that saw the flowering of our civilization.

The first arose in Greece, with its canons of beauty and Socratic knowledge. Then came Christianity, with its concept of the Son of God, who descends to the earth to save all men without distinction and supersedes all existing religions by the all-embracing quality of His mission. When in the sixteenth century a sort of revolution took place in the thought of man and the world discarded the Ptolemaic in favor of the Copernician system, not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only the Protestant faiths were born of this flowering, but also seventeenth century rationalism, with its dynamic conception of universal progress and the Rights of Man, finally culminating in the French Revolution. In the nineteenth century, finally, arose the idea of Socialism.

The concepts of Hellenic Beauty and Truth, of Christianity, with its principles of fraternal love, of liberty and the development of individualism, of just distribution of wealth—those are absolute moral values which can never perish. But they are inadequately represented by institutions and by individuals. Nietzsche understood that. He dared say it aloud, although no one during his lifetime could follow his thought. He had the hardihood to say that Socratic knowledge, that all aspects of Christianity, that liberalism and democracy and even Socialism were so many European *diseases*, to be superseded by absolute Nihilism. He accused the exponents of these ideas of fostering herd psychology, and of lacking what he called 'combative heroism.' He saw them as manifestations of pacifist Semitism, and in opposition to this humanism, which he felt was obsolete, he built the vision of a new society, covering the entire planet; in it an élite group of strong personalities ruled over the docile masses.

II

It was an extraordinary novel vision for that time, and without doubt foreshadowed the National Socialist régime of today. It was a vision that pan-Germanism duplicated in a more practical and nationalistic manner. After sowing among the minds beyond the Rhine the idea of a national German religion, radically hostile to the tenets of the French Revolution, pan-Germanism culminated in the theory of racism, expounded in 1890 and 1900 by Houston Stuart Chamberlain and others—a heritage which the Nazis claimed after the War. It is well known today that Hitler and Rosenberg are direct disciples of H. S. Chamberlain, who, while admitting that Germany is a mixture of several races, preached to Germans a return to their Nordic ancestors, their duty of keeping the race pure, and of setting up within the framework of their ever-growing community an eclectic group which would govern the masses of the people with dictatorial power.

Racism against humanism! The constant struggle between peoples and races, as against international law recognized by all the States, which sacrifice to it a part of their sovereignty—that is the crisis of our times. And it is in super-industrialized Germany, in disciplinarian and Americanized Prussia, that it was bound to burst forth. To understand the extent and significance of this crisis, it is necessary only to run through the lucubrations of the Hitlerian judicial authorities on questions of international law. Some of them, who belong to the old generation, fall back on the past and speak of a homogeneous society of nations converted to National Socialism. The others, the 100 per cent Nazis, cynically proclaim the implacable struggle of the races which must end in domination by the superior race. They speak of the Nordic superiority of the Germans and the decadence of other European peoples. Between those two poles there are all kinds of nuances and compromises. But who will ever believe that an in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ternational law can be built upon Nazism? Germany is primarily concerned with her own sovereignty. She was the one to break with the League of Nations. Can it be believed that she will wish to reconstruct it?

III

This schism is at the root of the difference in *rhythm* between the totalitarian States and the Western democracies. The peoples of Europe no longer live in unison. Rigid and brutal, the dictatorial Axis, flung across the old Continent, cuts it in two, separating the immense and mysterious world of Russia from the West, where there still flourish some remnants of liberty. A quasi-Platonic State has arisen, with a war economy in time of peace, an army of mediocre minds swayed by propaganda, its army of workers robbed of their individuality, its army of soldiers trained only for a war of conquest. England, through conscription, and France, through its attempt at domestic recovery by regimentation, must join this terrible alignment. Force must equal force so that a balance momentarily disturbed may be reëstablished and so that, after so many infringements of laws that must eternally regulate society, an international law worthy of the name may be set up.

It is madness to throw all responsibility of the European situation on the Treaty of Versailles, as has so often been done in Western Europe. This Treaty was formulated in accordance with the traditions of the French Revolution; it had tried to assure all the nationalities conscious of their potentialities the right to govern themselves. It had destroyed the work of domination that the Central Powers accomplished in the East from 1917 to 1918.

Its real weakness consisted in counting upon a Germany that would always remain feeble, and in Balkanizing Middle Europe. Deflected from its true meaning by a bourgeoisie mostly concerned with resuming business with Germany (whom it incited to an evergrowing contempt for her recent and still insecure democratic institutions), this Treaty suffered great reverses during the years of 1935 to 1939. During those years Germany's desire for legitimate security was, owing to the extraordinary blindness of the Western Powers, transformed into an urge for hegemony over the entire Continent. Only the irremediable error of allowing Germany to occupy Prague and annex a non-German people finally opened the eyes of the nations that are today threatened with a similar fate.

Léon Blum said in the Chamber of Deputies that the establishment of the German protectorate over Bohemia and Moravia was a contradiction of the German principle of racism. He was in error. Racism is, indeed, first and foremost, the total union of one hundred million Germans in Europe. But the submission of 'slave' peoples, inferior races made to be used at will by conquerors of a superior race, must inevitably follow. Racism is the destruction of small States; it is also the demolition of the Western empires of France and England. The theoreticians of pan-Germanism had prophesied it before the World War. The Nazi literature of the present time goes back to this theme and speaks to us of the 'imperial flight over the planet.' Only today, Germany is con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

structing a Mittel-Europa before passing on to her battle for colonies. In this respect, she is wiser and more perfidious than Wilhelm's Germany.

It is impossible to prophesy about the coming war. For no one knows the secret schemes of the dictators. Do they know themselves what they will do tomorrow? They are, perhaps, carried along powerless on the crest of a wave that they cannot control. They are the sorcerer's apprentices of our times. The situation that they have created in Europe is a middle phase between peace and war. This state of trouble and confusion will last for a long time.

Faced with this drama, the duty of the West is clear: to oppose with renewed force the destructive power whose purpose is to enslave the entire European world. But this force must be put in the service of civilization and nothing else. It must break the fatal circle of absolute and egoistic nationalism. It must restore to the old Continent an international law respected by all. Jealous powers must bow before the principles of a common code of ethics. Only therein does solution lie.

Black Guards' Philosophy

It is our desire that every German should have two souls. One may be his most personal one, with very personal wishes and dear habits. The other one does not belong to him, it belongs to the Führer. It may be small or great, weak or strong, but it must be filled by one idea alone.

With such a nation, it is possible to turn the world upside down, or, if need be, to steal horses—it all depends on you.

In 1938, we turned the world of Versailles upside down, and also the world of the Democracies. We have also stolen horses. This was the case when all of us, to the very last man, played the game according to the rules of diplomacy without turning a hair.

—*Das Schwarze Korps*, Berlin

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

France's first lady of the press tells of women in journalism; a brief but thorough lesson in 'reading as you run;' cock-fighting and other blood-sports.

Miscellany

I. Newspaper Woman: French Style

By Geneviève Tabouis

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

In FRANCE, women are forbidden political life. Those women who have a desire to say what they really think—or more exactly what they feel they ought to say for the good of their country—have only one career open to them; and that is journalism. But there is a long way to go from the time when a condescending newspaper editor takes a woman on to his staff to the time when that woman's opinion carries some weight in her own country and abroad; and the road is narrow and very stony. It is the road I have followed since 1924 and will continue to follow.

The truth is that my country is harder than almost any other on women who want to work with their brains. In 1934 I got an interview with the editor of a big provincial paper—the *Petite Gironde*—to ask him to make me their League of Nations correspondent. His answer was, 'But you're a woman! If I decide to give you this job, you'll have to sign your articles in such a way that the reader won't know it. A great paper like mine can't afford to break new ground by employing a woman.' I was told to submit a specimen article. A few days later I was taken on the staff on the condition that I signed my articles G. R. Tabouis, and always wrote in the masculine.

Some time after that I finished my first historical book, *Tout Ank Amon —The Pharaoh*, and set about at once trying to find a publisher for it. I knocked at the door of one of the very great. 'Madame, how *can* you expect me to publish such a serious book by a woman! A novel with a love story—yes, or possibly a travel book, but a historical work—impossible!' Not in the least discouraged, I went to another publisher, an even more famous one this time. He asked me, skeptically

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but quite politely, to leave him my manuscript. I was told to come a few days later. 'Your book, Madame, is very good. It's a terrible pity you're not a man. I should like to publish it, but I suggest that you sign it G. Tabouis. G for George or Gaston. The reader will be ignorant of the fact that you are a woman and your book will be a great success.'

I was very upset and I went and told M. Reinach, the famous Hellenist, my tutor, all about it. 'You've no reason to be upset,' he said. 'It's a sort of homage which men pay to women. It shows that in their hearts they fear a woman's mind and her work.'

II

I was educated at a Convent, where, I regret to say, I didn't learn very much — I remember I used to keep silkworms and a frog in my desk — and I left it at the age of fifteen with a liking for history and poetry, and quite resolved to follow the advice of our charming poet, Alfred de Musset: 'In this good world you must get to like a lot of things so that you know finally which you like the best.' Then after three years at the University I went to the School of Archeology at the Louvre, convinced that there was nothing so exciting as writing books in which you could revive the past. For years I followed the courses on Egyptology, Hieroglyphics, Egyptian Literature and Assyrian Architecture. I had a passion for the Egypt of the Pharaohs—by the way, the most feminist country in history—then for Babylon, and then for Solomon. One of the happiest days of my life was when I could write a love letter to my favorite dancing partner in hieroglyphs. When the War broke out I was in the middle of writing my first books on ancient history.

In 1914 my uncle, Jules Cambon, who was our Ambassador in Berlin, came back to Paris and was appointed Permanent Head of the Foreign Office. I'd got married in the meanwhile, and had two children. I began to get interested in politics and from the time when Clemenceau, with tears in his old voice, welcomed the deputies of the two provinces returned to France by the Treaty of Versailles—'*Frères d'Alsace-Lorraine, la France en joie vous serre sur son cœur*'—to the time of the now famous fall of the Briand Ministry after the conference of Cannes, I don't think I missed a single debate in the Chamber of Deputies. Through my uncle I got to know most of the political figures of that period, the sort of people so admirably described by Harold Nicolson in his book, *Peacemaking*.

I was enthusiastic—over-enthusiastic, so it seems today—about the birth of the League; I never missed a session and I used to write long letters to my family describing Briand's witticisms or my meetings with Beneš, Titulescu, Stresemann and Nitti. It was my uncle, Jules Cambon, who advised me, even encouraged me, to write short articles dealing only vaguely with politics and confining myself to little lively and amusing descriptions of personalities and things. At Geneva I did my first interviews. I remember one with the German Foreign Secretary, Herr Schubert. It was the first of my troubles. And not by any means the last of them. Impudently and most undiplomatically I simply wrote everything that he had said on the subject of Alsace-Lorraine.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the worst snags of being a woman diplomatic writer is that you can't answer the insults that your adversaries pour down on you. From 1932 to 1939 I was consistently accused of being in the pay of the Kremlin because I supported the idea of a Franco-Russian pact. Several of my male colleagues were likewise accused —but they had only to send their seconds suggesting a nice little duel, with pistols, for excuses to be made and the insults to stop. But a woman can scarcely fight a duel—she can only institute legal proceedings. But that takes a lot of time and trouble. There's only one thing she can do—write to the editor of the newspaper—'Monsieur, I should like to remind you that each of your attacks is an honor for me. Yours sincerely, Geneviève Tabouis.' But the insults continue. Moreover, in France men don't much like being under the orders of a woman. Being myself the Foreign News Editor of the *Œuvre*, I have solved this difficulty in a somewhat curious way. I never appear at the editorial offices of my paper. I stay at home and telephone all my instructions. I remain in the wings and my men colleagues feel that their prestige is safe. Another disadvantage: a Minister will never take as much trouble to explain a situation to a woman as he will to a man. That, you will agree, is terribly vexing.

III

I have always been, and I still am, convinced that you can get all Frenchmen united on questions of foreign politics if every morning you give them the truth of the international situation. After all, events have proved my theory right. Today at last our democracy allows us to reveal the gravity of the situation and I can assure you that there is agreement throughout France on the conduct of foreign policy. Whatever obstacles come my way, I would always try to put this theory into practice, because I feel that if at any time there is any weakening of patriotic feeling in the democracies it is because their citizens are ill-informed about happenings in foreign countries and ignorant of diplomatic negotiations involving the future of their own country. I still find myself in many embarrassing situations. Although my news is always based on a political, military or diplomatic document, this may not be public property and my paper has had more than once to defend its contributor against various Ministers—hence a thousand disgraces for poor Madame Tabouis. But she had a solid argument to silence the thunder of her director, '*Mon cher Directeur*, has your circulation gone down by as much as one copy?' No, on the contrary. But to have arrived at this point and to keep it, *mon Dieu*, what petty worries, what expenditure of energy, what a terrific amount of work. I can scarcely remember an evening when I haven't worked—even over the weekends and at Christmas.

Hundreds of letters to answer from people who ask your opinion, even though you give it to them every morning, or from people who ask you if they can safely marry a foreigner from a country that is on the defensive or if they should bring home their parents who are on the other side of the frontier—and so on. And the meetings that you have to attend,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the speeches you have to make! If there is one advantage in being a woman it is the only one: the gallantry of the French, for which they are so famous, prevents them from shouting me down in public. I can always get a hearing even from my sworn political enemies.

II. Technique of Reading

By F. J. Schonell

From the *News Chronicle*, London Liberal Daily

FEW people realize what wide individual differences there are in reading among adults and how complex this apparently automatic activity really is. The person who reads quickly and understands easily is unacquainted with the difficulties of a slower reader.

Most adults have long forgotten how they learned to read and the process now seems extremely simple. But there is much more in it than appears on the surface with respect both to past experience in reading and to present ability of the reader.

This is what happens in reading. The eye proceeds along the lines of print in a series of jumps and pauses; nothing is taken in while the eye is in movement and only during the very short pauses are words recognized. The average pause of a good reader is one-fifth of a second, of a poor reader about one-third of a second, so that in ten minutes' reading the former is a long way ahead of the latter. But, what is more interesting, some people recognize as many as four words in one pause, while others are limited to one or even part of a word.

These differences in span can be measured accurately by an instrument which causes a beam of light from a lamp to reflect to the eye from a silvered glass mirror and then on to a second set of mirrors through a camera lens to a moving film.

Specimens taken from the film for a good reader (A) and for a poor reader (B) are like this—each stroke means a pause:

A. It/was the first/time a conc/ert of any so/rt had/ever been giv/en in a pris/on hospi/tal. Per/mission had/been ob/tained only/after a/long

B. It/was/the fir/st ti/me a con/cert/of an/y so/rt had/ever/been giv/en in/a pri/son/hos/pit/al. Per/miss/ion had/been ob/tain/ed on/ly af/ter a/lon/g

Naturally, taking in more words at a time—an ability that can be developed—increases speed, so that we find wide variations in rate of reading among adults.

Take any column on this page and see how many words you can read silently in one minute. A few people read as many as 600 words, others only 160; an average number is 300 words. It is readers of the 600 type who can read at an amazing speed—a capacity strikingly exemplified by a famous educator of the University of London who could read and accurately assess a student's examination answers in four to five minutes while

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other examiners took nine to twelve minutes.

The numder of words taken in during each pause depends on how we recognice them. Nornally adults just recognize words as a vague visusl pattern or outline, there is little time to scrutinize them, but we are influenced by their lengtk, their projecfing letters and by the first parts of the words; thus the second set in each of the following groups is easeir to read than the first set:

(1) Small flocks of parrots flew over on most mornings at a great height appearing in the blue sky two by two.

(2) Small flocks of parrots flew over on most mornings at a great height appearing in the blue sky two by two.

(3) The ★ew ★★★nds of ★★rds ★★★ensify the ★★★ling of ★★★itude ★★ther ★★an ★★★arting a ★★nse of ★★fe and ★★★★★fulness.

(4) The fe★ sou★★★ of bir★★ intens★★★ the feel★★★ of solit★★★ rath★★ th★★ impart★★★ a sen★★ of li★★ and cheerful★★★★.

Projecting letters omitted:—

(5) In mos★ ★★aces, the ★ow★in★ mon★e★s ma★e a ★ear★u★ an★ ★arrowin★ noise.

Letters that do not project omitted:—

(6) In mo★t pl★★es, the howl★★g mo★k★ys m★ke a f★★rf★l a★d har★★wing noise.

Often we speed up our reading so that we don't notice errors in words, provided that the pattern or outline has not been much altered. How many errors did you notice in the preceding paragraph? There were seven.

There are times when partly saying the words is useful in reading —those doubting this should keep their mouths open and think of the words 'bubble, toddle, scissors, baby, murmur.' This vocalization or inner speech as it is called is very helpful in understanding difficult or involved reading material—as a foreign language, a legal document or an insurance policy—when reading it half aloud is a great aid. Of course, there are some who read everything half aloud from habit and are a form of public nuisance in the bus or cinema. Silent reading is quicker if we reduce lip movement or other vocalization (few adults reach more than 200 words a minute reading aloud).

Then, again, writing helps our reading; some backward pupils make marked progress when taught to read through tracing and writing the words they do not know.

In spite of aids to word recognition the mind can play queer tricks on us, for sometimes we read what our emotional state determines us to read. Just as a frightened person is ready to mistake a white towel for a ghost at night, so we jump to wrong conclusions over print. During the recent typhoid scare, several friends misread 'typhoon' as 'typhoid;' while at the time of the R 101 disaster I remember reading a heading RIO JANEIRO as R 101. Similarly habitual associations also cause errors; thus many people would read:—

ANDY HARDY

as

ANDY HANDY

Recently I read

BOYS TO HELP REFUGEES

as

BOYS . . .

REFUSE

An Australian friend resident in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London almost invariably misreads Australian for Austrian.

Finally, it is obvious that both speed and accuracy in reading must be combined for practical purposes. There are some adults who read quickly but miss important points, so that it is better to be slow and accurate than fast and inaccurate. But, naturally, the purpose of the reading influences its nature; we can read just for pleasure, when skipping through to get plot and incident may suffice, or we can read for general impression and information, or for particular instructions or details.

All forms of silent reading are needed in life and, as correct habits of adult reading are based on habits formed in school, it should be an aim of all schools to cultivate all of those forms. There is still too much oral reading in some schools and not enough directed silent reading.

III. Blood-Sports and Hypocrisy

By Major C. S. Jarvis

From *Cornhill Magazine*, London Literary Monthly

As a nation we are the most confirmed hypocrites over the question of cruelty to animals. We say we are willing to take any reasonable steps to prevent it—provided always that such action will not interfere with our own amusements. We individually have a taste for certain blood-sports, and not only do we set our faces against any interference here, but we flatly refuse to discuss or argue the rights and wrongs—it is so difficult to work up a defense for the indefensible.

Hunting is 'jolly good sport,' 'the pastime of our ancestors,' 'the keystone of the British character' and 'what is more, the fox, stag or hare enjoys it as much as anyone.' Active female members of the R.S.P.C.A. take their small daughters to a 'kill' to have them blooded on the cheeks, and on their way home will lay information to the police against Pedlar Lee, whom they have seen working his horse with a sore back. The local R.S.P.C.A. inspector goes to a county market and takes out a summons against a poultry farmer for putting too many pullets into a crate, but an hour later will purposely fail to see a hunted fox being pushed by the huntsman out of a pollard willow to the yelling hounds beneath. A magistrate, after a homily on wanton brutality, sentences a man to a fine for driving a lame heifer, and then hurries from the bench to take part in the hunt of the 'carted' deer.

There are two forms of cruelty whether it be toward humans, animals or birds, and they are terror caused and agony inflicted. Of the two there can be no question whatsoever which is the worst. Look at a beaten fox after a run of an hour; a poor terror-stricken creature, plastered with mud half-way up his flanks, his brush trailing along the ground, and his eyes starting from his head as he slinks along, with the music of hounds drawing nearer and nearer. If he is enjoying the hunt as much as anyone, he has a queer way

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of showing it. Think of the stag hunted on Exmoor last September who threw himself over the cliffs to escape the hounds. Listen to the terrible scream of the coursed hare at the first grip of the greyhound.

At least, in a cock-fight, brutal as it is, the question of terror never arises, for the birds are not egged on or forced to fight as is popularly supposed. They are burning to get at each other, and for an hour or more have been yelling defiance and challenges from their crates. It is quite a common occurrence for a cock to get out of his enclosure and walk a quarter of a mile to fight another cock to the death. There has been no case on record, however, of a fox lurking in the vicinity of kennels in keen anticipation of a hunt, or of a hare coming down off the fallows to meet the greyhounds.

It is, of course, brutal and degrading to allow birds to fight for the amusement of a crowd. All one can say in defense, however, is that almost every night in the United Kingdom men battle together over six, ten and twenty rounds, and death and permanent disablement from glove fights are by no means unknown. None of these arguments goes to prove that cock-fighting is not cruel, but when one considers the matter, it is very difficult to understand why it is brutal and illegal to watch two cocks doing that which they desire to do, but not brutal or illegal for the same crowd to watch two heavyweights battering each other to pulp or to follow a pack of hounds worrying a stag, fox or hare.

In various parts of rural England one will see rows of coops in some sheltered field, and here, with hen foster mothers, a large number of pheasant chicks are being raised. The birds are raised artificially, not for the market, as they are not an economic factor, but solely for the sport obtained shooting them as they fly, and the fact that they fly very fast and very high and are difficult to hit in consequence means that a very considerable number are hit too far back and die in agony a few days later from perforated and gangrened intestines. These are facts that no pheasant-shoot owner or keeper can deny, but it is not a bit of use for the Dumb Friends' League to try and secure a conviction here, for a magistrate would be shocked to the core at any interference with the legal pastimes of the British people.

II

I suppose our attitude over our own blood-sports and those of others is rather similar to that of the proverbial Socialist who had been holding forth in the village inn about equality and the sharing out of wealth and possessions.

'And do you mean to say,' asked a friend, 'that if you had two horses you would give me one?'

'Certainly I would.'

'And if you had two cows you would give me one?'

'Of course I would.'

'And if you had two pigs you'd give me one?'

'Wodyermean?'—darkly—'I've *got* two pigs.'

As it is the habit to offer the most convincing excuses for all other blood-sports, perhaps one might be permitted to do the same for the much-execrated 'cocker.' I must confess that once upon a time I bred fighting cocks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and took part in mains. In other words I belonged to that execrated and much discredited fraternity, the 'cockers,' who though they may not be as numerous today as they were thirty years ago, are nevertheless still in existence in some considerable numbers.

The real cocker is a man who is interested in the game-bird, one of the most beautiful and spirited creatures that Nature has evolved. There is some reason to think that the game-cock was introduced into England by the Romans, and the fact remains that because of cock-fighting it has existed as a distinct breed throughout the ages. Birds may come and birds may go, but the old English game-bird bred from pedigree stock is still with us, and is as pure bred today as he was two hundred years ago. He is beautifully built and beautifully balanced. His bright eye, his tight plumage, his small well-shaped feet, and, above all, his proud stance speak of breeding.

It is the cocker's hobby to produce these birds and to spend his time and his money carrying on the stock, and, if possible, improving it. As with race-horses, there is only one real test to prove if he has been successful or not. With the race-horse breeder it is the race-course, and with the cocker the cock-pit. Unless a bird gives definite proof that he is game to the last feather it is impossible for the cocker to decide if he has been successful or not. The great majority of the cock-fighting fraternity that I have met were far more interested in the breeding, crossing of recognized strains, and training than they were in the actual main that was the deciding factor.

This is the case for the cocker. I doubt if I should have been able to do very much better, if I had taken up cudgels on behalf of the breeder of greyhounds to be used for coursing hares. In both cases one is building up stamina in one creature with the object of fitting it to destroy the life of another expeditiously.

It is the steel spur, that is affixed over the stump of the natural spur, that has given cock-fighting its reputation for gross cruelty and one must admit that it does sound horrible. Actually, however, instead of making the fight more brutal it has the opposite effect. The game-cock, if properly bred, will never admit defeat, however battered he may be, and he will continue fighting until both birds are so knocked about that both will probably die. This is what happens invariably when two game-cocks meet inadvertently on a farm, and I have heard of occasions when two birds have fought for three days when their owner has overlooked the fact that they have got together. The steel heel, therefore, is used solely to end a fight quickly, and the winner will then return to his harem to propagate his species while the loser will die the death he has chosen.

I do not wish to give the impression that I consider the prohibition of cock-fighting should be rescinded. But it is not only silly, but hypocritical as well, to prohibit and execrate cock-fighting as the height of cruelty and to allow many other blood-sports that are infinitely more cruel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN SCENE

JOHN STEINBECK'S monumental novel, *The Grapes of Wrath*, has dramatized the horrible conditions of the farm migratory workers so effectively that many people think something lasting has been done about them. Unfortunately, that is not true. Agricultural distress grips millions of Americans, and threatens to engulf many millions more. The breaking of the Plains States' drouth has helped a little, but in the Dakotas and in the deep South misery continues to mount. Nearly 900,000 families live on little more than good humor and hope, earning less than $250 each a year, which comes to about $1 a person a week. This indicates that the general farm population of the land has enjoyed almost no improvement since 1936.

The Federal government has done magnificently by these people, considering the 'common sense' mood of Congress. It has offered rehabilitation loans to some 750,000 families on very good terms, it has instituted camps for the utterly homeless, and it has granted other forms of relief. But it knows that it must do more, especially in view of the increased birth rate on the farms. Last year 747,000 babies were born to farm women, the largest number since 1926, and about enough to counterbalance the migration from rural districts to urban.

The Congress, which prides itself on its economy measures, particularly in the realm of relief, had better remember that nearly a fourth of the national population—32,059,000 people, according to government statistics—has been sinking deeper and deeper into despair, and that unless something is done, the uprising in Southeast Missouri of last January may be repeated and may spread. The New Deal knows this, and its program should be considered above party lines. A dollar saved now may turn out to be ten dollars wasted in the long run.

THE administration of justice in the United States seems to be based, in part, upon the principle that small cases should be settled in small courts presided over by small judges, while big cases should be settled in big courts before big judges. Thus we have inferior courts with inferior judges and superior courts with superior judges on the apparent assumption that injustice has gradations. How this concept reached America has yet to be determined. Certainly it did not come from England, where the smallest cases often come before the most august tribunals. The late Newton D. Baker often told the story of how, on a visit to London, he witnessed no less a personage than the Lord Chief Justice himself deciding a $76 houseboat case.

The incident so impressed itself upon Mr. Baker's mind that for the remainder of his life he urged that there be only one bench in all jurisdictions, with only the highest type of lawyers appointed to it, and each of them forced, by custom or by law, to preside at all manner of cases. This, he claimed, would insure a better grade judiciary than we now have, and it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would also keep the judges close to the problems of all the people. Many lawyers today incline to agree with him, though so far few have felt free to advocate it with any appreciable vigor.

Several magistrates in New York City, who listen only to so-called minor cases, would grace the highest courts in the land, their daily contact with the tribulations of ordinary men and women having enlarged their vision and broadened their sympathies, while many superior judges could learn a great deal by spending time in police courts. The absurdity and hardness of opinions issuing from appellate courts spring from the fact that their judges have long since lost touch with common humanity. Instead of considering it an indignity to sit in police courts, they should consider it a privilege and a duty. Every wrong is the concern of every judge, for every wrong affects the health of the community.

THE latest issue keeping the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. apart, changing the National Labor Relations Act, makes as little sense as previous false issues. The amendments William Green has agreed to do not affect the heart of the law but probably can be put down to a tactical maneuver to save the law from possible future emasculation. His tactics may be right or wrong, but his sincerity cannot be doubted. What keeps Messrs. Green and Lewis at loggerheads, it becomes clearer every day, is a matter of old-fashioned pride. As Mr. Joel Seidman, vice-president of the American Federation of Teachers, has politely put it: 'To too great an extent the issue has become one of power or personalities rather than form of organization.' Mr. Green can no more be called a reactionary than the late Samuel Gompers, and Mr. Lewis has achieved his purpose of making the American labor movement industrial-union conscious.

The two gentlemen seem to be looking for a face-saving device. One stares them in the eye. Tom Mooney, who has the confidence of all labor, would make an excellent president of a united labor organization, and he has hinted broadly that he would be delighted to assume the post. Mr. Green and Mr. Lewis could win for themselves long remembrance by relinquishing their respective positions, bringing their groups together, and making way for Tom Mooney to lead a unified, powerful association of American workers. The New Deal would probably gladly endorse him, and capital would have a large respect for him.

THE newspapers have played down the testimony being gathered by the Temporary National Economic Committee for reasons best known to themselves, but out of the investigation conducted by Senator O'Mahoney, the chairman, and his colleagues may evolve changes affecting very nearly every citizen in the country. The committee has unearthed grave abuses in the life insurance business, which amounts to $110,000,000,000 out of a total national wealth of $139,000,000,000. The abuses run all the way from petty trickery to incompetence and fraud. Insurance companies have maintained expensive lobbies in Washington and in state capitals to combat every move made to limit their profits and extend the regulation of them. In California, an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

executive of an insurance lobby has testified, companies practiced lying on a colossal scale: 'While we have allowed a comparatively small number of policy holders to be contacted, we have succeeded in creating the impression that over 2,000,000 policy holders in this state are up in arms against any increase in insurance taxes.' And in Rhode Island the insurance lobby opposed a state bill requiring the written examination of prospective agents—a simple public safeguard—even though local agents, to protect themselves, favored the measure.

Senator O'Mahoney's committee also placed on the record the excellent history of the Massachusetts savings bank-life insurance scheme, introduced there in 1906 by former Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis. No one can deny that it is the cheapest and safest form of life insurance in existence. New York has followed the example of Massachusetts, and in time no doubt other states will do the same. In the end, perhaps, the whole insurance business may be taken over by the Federal government. As Senator O'Mahoney has said, 'There should be a national system to handle what is obviously a national business.' Certainly life insurance deserves the same care that national parks, roads, and the post-office have been getting.

ACCORDING to the 1939 edition of the *Yearbook of American Churches*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Herman C. Weber, the membership of 'organized religion' in the United States amounts to more than 52,375,000. By denominations, there are nearly 33,000,000 Protestants, 15,000,000 Catholics, and about 3,000,000 Jews. These figures represent a drop of about 2,000,000 since 1926, when the total church membership reached above 54,000,000. What this means one cannot say definitely. It may connote a spread of indifference to organized religion, but it does not necessarily mean a loosening of the religious pull, for more and more people of late have joined the semi-Freudian cults, most of which have probably escaped the statisticians.

But one fact does seem clear: at least since 1926 well over half the population of the country has refused to have anything to do with the established faiths. Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, and Abraham Lincoln, were they alive today, would probably not be disturbed by this state of affairs, but they would be greatly disturbed by 'the popular intolerance,' to quote a recent report of the American Civil Liberties Union, 'of the Protestant majority against Catholic and Jewish candidates for public elective offices.'

THE railroad situation continues to get worse. During the first four months of the current year more than 25 per cent of the roads failed to earn expenses and taxes, while at least another fifteen per cent just about managed to keep solvent. So many of the roads are in such heavy debt to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation that, all things considered, they will probably never be able to pay back. Which fact will make it easier—and in the long run imperative—for the Federal government to take them over completely, an eventuality that even railroad presidents have privately come to admit.

Meanwhile the carriers are strug-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gling to keep the business they have. They have bought up passenger and freight bus lines furiously so that today they own 60,000 such conveyances. Whether this development will help them out much must be put down as highly dubious. Already a strange phenomenon has been noted. Trucks carry considerable freight westward, but most of them come back empty or lightly loaded. Why this should be so has yet to be explained, but the heavy losses entailed are obvious.

DEPARTMENT of Commerce reports indicate that foreign investments in the United States since the beginning of 1935 have increased by about $3,526,000,000, the total now reaching $7,883,000,000, more than two-thirds of it in long-term securities. Thus it would seem that hard-headed European financiers think that America will go on for many years and will not collapse soon as the result of the New Deal, a prediction made almost daily by the school of thought represented by the extreme conservatives in Congress.

WHAT has been happening in the medical profession of late may soon happen in the legal profession, namely, socialization. Thousands of lawyers have been forced to accept relief, while a relatively few have grown fat on huge fees way out of proportion to their services. Solicitor General Robert Jackson brought this situation to the attention of the country recently with a powerful speech before the Junior Bar Conference, reputedly the militant arm of the American Bar Association. He urged that the bar organize a plan for 'low cost, high volume' legal services, adding that 'in default of our attention this problem will be likely to be forced upon the government.'

After all, there is no reason why there shouldn't be legal coöperative societies, as there are medical coöperative societies. Plenty of lawyers are idle who would be delighted to join such coöperatives, and the general public, it can be assumed, would be even more delighted to support them. As things stand now, the public has to pay far too much for its legal services. A legal fee running from 15 per cent to 50 per cent of a settlement is quite common, and raises havoc, not only with the common man's finances, but with his respect for the administration of justice. It also often forces him to forego justified court actions solely because of the size of the lawyer's fee, which makes the final adjustment too small for the trouble involved.

—C. A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS OTHERS SEE US

Washington Moves Slowly

SIR Arthur Willert, the author of this article, recently returned to England from an extensive tour of the United States. A member of the British Foreign Office from 1921 to 1935, he has known the United States for over thirty years and has closely studied political trends here both before and during the War when he was secretary to the British War Mission at Washington. The following is an extract from the London *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*:—

As everyone knows, Washington in recent years has been the scene of a struggle between the isolationists, who think that the Western hemisphere can be insulated from outside troubles, and those who feel that the best way to escape disaster is to help the peace-loving elements in Europe to prevent war, or, if that is impossible, to help them to win it. President Roosevelt and his Foreign Minister, Mr. Hull, are the leaders of the latter school.

I was in Washington just before the Prime Minister took his momentous decision over Poland. It was clear then that, though far stronger than they had been even a few months ago, those two statesmen were still not in a position to take action such as they have now taken, much as they wanted to do something of the sort.

What has happened is roughly this. The White House and the State Department made up their minds long ago that the dictators were dangerous and could not be trusted. There can be no harm now in repeating a conversation which I had with President Roosevelt in March, 1936, on the day after Herr Hitler had marched his troops into the Demilitarized Zone. The President asked me whether I thought that this infraction of the Treaty of Versailles would mean war. I said that I thought not, that, for one thing, we British would not fight to prevent Germany shaking off what seemed to many of us to be an obsolescent servitude.

'You may be right,' he replied, 'but surely, if you do not fight now, it will only be a case of fighting in five years' time.'

The American public in those days was just as afraid of war as the President. But the reasoning behind its fears was nebulous. It did not grasp the ruthless sweep of Herr Hitler's ambitions.

Since then the world-embracing activities of Herr Hitler's pan-Germanism are being brought home by constant stories of Nazi propaganda, penetration and anti-American intrigues from Mexico City down to Punta d'Arenas and by the blasting, blustering activities of the Nazi organizations in the United States. Another German activity adversely commented upon is the recruitment of working men of German blood to return to Germany.

The Jewish persecution has, of course, provided many nails for the coffin of the reputation of Nazi Germany. It is the strongest single ingredient in the boycott, which Americans tell one, is growing up against German goods. In all parts of the country questions in department stores as to whether there was discrimination against German goods brought an affirmative answer.

Moving picture theatres everywhere told the same tale in their peculiar but significant language—silence or hisses for the dictators and their militarist manifestations, applause and sympathy for the democracies, though not always for their leaders.

I remember particularly a film I chanced upon at Portland, Oregon. It started with the power of the printing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

press. The Bible was shown as still being the best seller. But the Bible was being hard pressed by other books, by Lenin's works (silence), by *Mein Kampf* (hisses). Then, after the American Constitution had been shown (cheers), there was a quick switch to the boy scout movement and its excellence for the inculcation of democracy (cheers), American, British, French and again American boy scouts (great cheering), with occasional glimpses of the trampling heels of militarism (hisses).

Two things have kept that film, I hope more or less correctly, in my memory—first the cleverness of it, secondly the fact that the implication of the necessity for democratic solidarity was recognized in the remote Northwest just as readily as on the Atlantic Coast.

But all through my tour I was conscious that something more was needed than the hardening of opinion against the dictators to make it possible for the President to take definite action. That something was emphatic proof that the Western democracies could be as safely trusted as the dictatorships could be distrusted. One did not have to travel far to realize that except in limited circles in the big cities our Prime Minister's appeasement policy was looked upon askance. This policy was, in fact, felt to be so unpractical as to be equivocal. I found that a Western politician with a world-famous name spoke for a very large number of his fellow-citizens when he said that the trouble with the London and Paris Governments was that they distrusted the Reds more than they did Fascism and therefore were too prone to play with the dictators. These suspicions and criticisms were a great handicap to Washington until our sudden change of policy over Poland.

Mrs. Roosevelt's Column

'Now I must report to you that we have spent a very peaceful week-end at our country home here, and that I had my first swim this year out of doors. It was cold but invigorating, and sitting in the sun afterwards was very pleasant.' So, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt in the *Evening Standard*. But *must* Mrs. Roosevelt report that? Was it imperative? Was it desirable? Was it politic? In this country we have heard with respectful astonishment of the daily column which the wife of the President of the United States contributes to the American press. If the practice seems surprising, it is certainly no business of ours. But I am bound to say that the *Evening Standard* has done Mrs. Roosevelt a singularly ill turn by arranging to reproduce her daily column just at the moment when we want to think the best of the host and hostess of the King and Queen. Not, of course, that there is a syllable to object to in the daily column on grounds of taste. What is wrong with it is its terrible triviality. Mrs. Roosevelt, I am certain, cannot resemble remotely the kind of person who would normally produce copy of this type, but casual readers of it could be forgiven for supposing that she was. Actually she is the kind of person who defies reactionaries by inviting a colored soprano to sing before the King.

—Janus in the *Spectator*, London

To the Editor of the *Spectator*: —

Sir:—I am sure that I am expressing the feelings of many of your readers when I say that the admission to your issue of the 9th inst. of the paragraph relating to Mrs. Roosevelt is deplorable. It would show pretty bad taste at any time, but that is specially so when that lady is acting as the hostess of our King and Queen on their momentous visit to the U.S.A.

Even if the writer himself felt what he expresses in that paragraph, a little reticence would have been more in accordance with the good taste which one expects in the columns of the *Spectator*.

One can only hope that this issue may not get into the hands of any American.—

Yours faithfully,

Mill Lawn, Reigate. W. W. Paine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Bad News for Diplomats

From the *Times*, London

'Basic English,' the ingenious linguistic toy of a year or two ago, is fast becoming a staple element of education in many parts of the globe. To Oxford men at any rate its advance must appear a little sinister. With what they must regard as the typically underhand strategy of a Cambridge don, Mr. C. K. Ogden, the inventor of basic English, waited till their University Press, at considerable expense, had put forth the twelve mighty tomes of the New English Dictionary before he set out to undermine the whole edifice with his thesis that the English language may be conveniently reduced to 850 words, of which only eighteen are verbs. He even dared to maintain that the necessary vocabulary could be written on a half sheet of notepaper—which will only confirm his opponents' suspicions that there must be something mean and paltry about a man who writes as small as that. They will, of course, retort that small minds have always been able to express their narrow range of ideas in pidgin English, but are promptly caught in another of these dastardly traps. For Mr. Ogden's sophistical disciples have a tricky habit of pleading their case with great eloquence and ingenuity, and only at the end of the article revealing to their critic that, without knowing it, he has been reading basic English all the time.

But there will be other objectors to the innovation. The very principle of the thing is a menace to many vested interests; for it demands that every writer should consider exactly what he wishes to say before choosing words in which to say it, and, as a corollary, that those words shall mean exactly the same to the reader as they mean to him. The language is therefore quite useless in diplomacy. What would have happened if the Munich Agreement had been written in basic German, or the guarantee of Albanian independence in basic Italian?

Then there is a further drawback: it looks as if basic English will have only one form of words in which to say one thing; and then what becomes of those eminent Privy Councillors whose dignity requires, as the House of Commons noted last week, that they should never speak for less than half an hour? And what of the grand oracular style, inherited from Delphi by Old Moore, and in these days developed with such impressive skill by the neo-astrological school of the weekly press? Can basic English command that beautiful flexibility which always enabled it to adapt itself to prior prediction? Surely not.

Still less is it likely to achieve that delicate aloofness from the crudities of definition which is justly treasured in Whitehall. Their Lordships will certainly view with apprehension any tendency that might be held to require them to say brutally and basically that two and two make four. As for the headline writers, the real molders of our tongue, they have passed through and beyond basic English; they no longer use any verbs.

It is all rather disconcerting because if foreigners acquire the cunning that enables them to say exactly what they mean, while we are contemplating in an exalted, but less practical, rapture the transcending magnificence of the things we say, there is no question that they may occasionally steal a march on us. Ours, of course, is the higher pleasure. The graduate in basic English cannot read Mr. James Joyce. Even Mr. Ogden does not contend that his is a literary language. But even here a gnawing doubt assails. The prose these people write is sometimes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so seductive; is it quite inconceivable that some day a genius, whose native language is perhaps Maori or Bantu, may find it possible to write great poetry in basic English? And then comes the most insidious doubt of all: may it not already have been done? Who dare say it is impossible to find somewhere in the works of one of our more exact and limpid poets, say Wordsworth or Housman, some poem of which the vocabulary falls entirely within the limits of the 850 words?

Decline of the Scala

By Walter Fabian

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, Paris

THE French music publication *Menestrel* recently wrote of the crisis which has befallen the Milan Scala, the most famous opera in Europe. The difficulties became known as the result of a controversy between the administration of the theatre and the *Corriere della Sera*. The director of the opera lodged a complaint with that of the influential Milan newspaper because a performance had been, in his opinion, too severely criticized. He claimed it was exactly that kind of criticism that has caused the gigantic deficit of the Scala.

Thereupon the scolded critic, Franco Abbiati, author of a recently published history of music, replied to the complaint. Instead of retracting, he went a step further, saying that almost all performances of the Scala were far beneath its traditional standards and that hitherto he had been too lenient.

The Italian correspondent of *Menestrel*, Dr. Ugo Navarra, supported these statements and added on his part that of twenty-three new productions, only two had been worthy of this great theatre. But he put forth certain extenuating circumstances, so far as the director of the theatre was concerned:—

'In the first place,' Navarra wrote, 'the racial propaganda has cost him about one-third of his subscribers and followers (for it is well known that the Jews are great music-lovers). In the second place, preparations for the coming season were disrupted by the sudden resignation of Vittore Veneziani, conductor of the incomparable choirs of the Milan Scala for the past seventeen years. Two attempts were made to find a successor, but without satisfactory results. The third disastrous result of racism was the voluntary resignation of the Aryan Erich Kleiber [because of the anti-Semitic decrees], who has been replaced by a pitiful fourth-rate German conductor. Then, in the midst of the preparations for the coming season, a decree was issued to the effect that 60 per cent of the productions must be by living composers. Alas, there are so many living composers among the dead, musically speaking, and too many operatic nonentities among the living! Thus, interest in the Scala decreased rapidly. Finally, the director was forced to raise the admission price. In these days when the cost of living has gone up, the heads of most families eliminate all unnecessary expenses.'

All these may certainly be extenuating circumstances for the unhappy director, but they also give an interesting insight into Italian *Kulturpolitik*.

A People's University

By Stuart Emeny

From the *News Chronicle*, *London*

DO YOU know that the largest university in Great Britain has neither roof nor walls of its own? It has neither colleges nor common rooms, quadrangles nor lecture theatres. Yet its students number some 61,000.

Perhaps you will cavil at the term 'university' for the organization which goes by the name of the Workers' Educational Association, but the fact remains that to those 61,000 students the W.E.A. is the University of the People.

It was founded in 1903 as an alliance of the educational efforts of the Coöperative

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

movement, the Trade Unions and the attempts of the universities themselves to reach the mass of the people. From four branches in 1904 the organization has grown to 620 branches, and today its 3,117 classes are dotted over the whole country.

In these classes—held for the most part after the working day is done—the farm laborer, the painter and the plumber, the miner and the railwayman study and exchange ideas with clerical workers, civil servants, teachers and professional folk. Social distinctions are unknown to students of the People's University. Manual workers (11,725 of them) form the largest group of students when they are classified by occupations. Housewives, domestic workers and nurses (10,059 of them) are the second largest block of students. Students select what subject they want to pursue and courses range from six weeks to three years. No tutor is appointed without the consent of the class. The enthusiasm of the students is remarkable. To study at all after the day's work takes effort, but in country districts workers often have to travel miles to and from their classes.

And what do they study? Fifty-seven per cent study the social sciences; 26 per cent take literature and the arts; 8 per cent science or biology, and 4 per cent philosophy and ethics. After literature and drama the most popular single subject is the study of world affairs and international relations. In all these classes the tutors wage ceaseless war against dogmatic thinking. Workers are taught *how* to think, not *what* to think.

Some 1,600 workers spend their holidays studying at summer schools where advanced students get the opportunity to do special research work. In August one school is held at Oxford and another at Cambridge where, while the undergraduate population is on vacation, W.E.A. students live in college. Artisans and tradesmen obtain this concession for a week or fortnight. They take over the rooms of undergraduates, are looked after by 'scouts,' dine in hall, and for a week or fortnight browse in the real university atmosphere before returning to the work-a-day world again.

It is not uncommon to find manual workers studying for years on end, reaching degree standard in, say, economics, and then going on to literature and philosophy. But the W.E.A. does not encourage the breeding of mere bookworms who make study a hobby. For the ultimate aim of this People's University is not merely the broadcasting of knowledge but the building of a better world, one corner stone of which will be a genuine democratic educational system with freedom and opportunity of mental and spiritual development for all.

School for Gypsies

By Renée Aberdam

Translated from *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris

ALTHOUGH Czecho-Slovakia has disappeared from the map of Europe, I hope that this account of a visit made several months ago to the gypsy school of Uzhorod will show how Czecho-Slovakia has treated at least one of its 'mistreated' minorities.

When I was recommended by the Ministry of Public Education at Prague to visit the gypsy school at Uzhorod, I was more distrustful than curious. 'Should one try to civilize the gypsies, destroy their living poetry, imprison in schoolrooms these free musicians of the fields?' I asked myself anxiously.

After arriving in the little capital of Ruthenia I had to penetrate into an enclosure attached to the gypsy camp. A gay, elegant, picturesque building had been erected there. I entered.

What joyous agitation! Cries and laughs, resounding clamor! What was it? A fair? A market-place? The children were crying:—

'A dozen eggs—so many crowns! A pair

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of chickens—so many crowns! How much milk does your goat give? How much do you think your colt is worth?'

They were buying, selling, calculating prices with prodigious rapidity and precision.

'It is the mathematics class,' explained the teacher. 'They adore it. All the gypsies sell horses, and the children already have bargaining in their blood. I let myself be led by the brats, and I have not repented it. They calculate with devilish acuteness. They also have a passion for geography. We make voyages around the world, and re-live the journeys of Marco Polo and Vasco da Gama. But I have not yet discovered a way to make grammar attractive to them. They detest it. You will see; we are about to begin grammar class, alas!' He turned to the children.

'Return to your desks!' They did it quickly, without noise.

'How is it that these little primitive creatures, with their anarchical instincts and their jealousy of their liberty, can be brought under scholastic discipline?' I asked.

'Because we have created and organized the life of the school *together*. Toward exterior constraints they have the fierce alarm of hares, but they accept loyally the elaborate rules of common consent, as they have created these together as a sort of collective pastime.'

The grammar lesson began. The children read, recited and wrote. But impatience was visible. They yawned, stretched, pleaded with the teacher with their great black eyes. And he could not resist the mute and insistent prayer.

'Would you like to shorten the lesson and have some more music?'

Instantly twenty brown arms seized diminutive violins. A nostalgic song arose, with a poignant melody, monotonous as a Far Eastern chant. Then without a break, a loud, savage, insistent rhythm, and the bare feet of the little musicians stamped to the dance. These were authentic gypsy melodies, collected by the teacher, who loved the gypsy folk-lore. Music is the mother tongue of the gypsy children, but they also have a pronounced flair for free design. Paintings with warm, startling colors, red, scarlet, orange, and with large, vigorous lines, drawn without a preliminary sketch, express their free, independent spirit, a spirit untouched by any feeling of inferiority or inhibition.

In the evenings, I learned, the teacher would assemble the children's parents at the school; he broke them of the habit of going to the tavern, he talked to them of actual events and taught them an understanding of the modern world, from which these primitive tribes were as far away as savages.

Little by little the untutored gypsies began to accept and like the schools as if they were their own, and today the prestige of these schools is so great that where there is a gypsy school, the very appearance of the village has changed; the houses are clean and whitewashed. And such is their moral effect that in these villages not a gypsy has to be prosecuted for crimes, or even for misdemeanors.

They Can't Be Translated

By A. P. Parker

Condensed from *John o'London's Weekly*, London

A FINE tribute to the British character is the fact that foreigners fail to translate the word *gentleman* by any adequate word of their own and eventually use the word in its English form to express the ideal in character and conduct.

A Russian uses either *gospodin* (master—of the house) or *poryádochnyi*, an adjective expressing sober virtues rather like 'gentlemanly' in certain of its meanings.

A Spaniard can do no better than *caballero* (cavalier or knight), although in familiar speech he uses the adjective *regulár* to express the idea of a 'decent' fellow—this meaning of the word should be familiar to cinema-goers in the American 'regular guy.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The German laboriously constructs phrases which mean 'a man of class,' and has also the word *Ehrenmann* (a man of honor), which is expressive enough but is narrower than *gentleman*. The French, finding their unwieldly phrase *un homme comme il faut* (a decent, respectable fellow) inadequate to translate the English word, have long used the words *un vrai gentleman* for 'a real gentleman.'

The Arabic word *ma'alesh* is always on an Egyptian's lips, and is typical of him. He steps on your toes and says '*Ma'alesh!*' You step on his and apologize, and *he* says '*Ma'alesh!*' You complain of some misfortune and he consoles you with the word '*Ma'alesh!*'

To understand it you must penetrate to the heart of the Egyptian. Compounded of words meaning 'nothing on me,' the word means, 'Please don't be angry,' or 'Don't worry!' or 'Life is like that,' or 'Resign yourself to it.' The word has all the fatalism of the Oriental, who believes that you must resign yourself to what fate brings you.

Used in these circumstances, the word is like the Russian *nitchevó*, but here comes a subtle variation in the fatalistic theme. The Egyptian who steps on your toes says, '*Ma'alesh!*' meaning that you should accept the annoyance with resignation, thus releasing him from the consequences of his fault.

An incident that happened recently in Cairo in the writer's presence will show the Egyptian's use of this delightful word (which is colloquial). Egyptian policemen do point duty so badly that a motorist who trusted their signals without looking out for himself as well would be carrying his life in his hands.

One day a native policeman got into such a mess that he caused two lines of crossing traffic to charge at speed towards each other. There was a ghastly moment in which brakes screamed, and then there was a weird silence as everything stopped dead.

In this brief silence, from the very middle of the mess, the policeman's voice was heard quite clearly, saying, '*Ma'alesh!*'

The English word *home* causes great trouble to foreigners. It seems that the distinction between house and home is Western, for as we move Eastward it disappears until, in Arabic, the two words are one. The Latins are little better.

The Germans do better, for they have *Heimat* (home), although they waver between that word and *Haus*, and translate '*at home*' by *zu Hause*. The Celts, however, have a particularly advanced conception of home, and in Welsh *cartref* conveys as tender a love of one's hearth or native land as the English word.

To express the idea of home, a Frenchman ties himself into knots. His *foyer* conveys the meaning 'fireside' only. Usually a Frenchman uses the barbarous phrase *chez moi*, which, apart from failing to convey any idea of home, necessitates a reshuffling of a simple statement like 'This is my home' into 'Here I am at home,' which is not the same thing.

The Frenchman's use of the word *ménage* is based on a particularly Latin conception of domestic life, and the word is therefore difficult to translate for us. *Ménage* means roughly 'looking after household expenses and housework.'

Faire ménage avec quelqu'un, which is a Frenchman's idea of 'setting up a house or making a home with someone,' really means only 'joining with someone to share expenses.' To those familiar with a Frenchman's state of mind when he is contemplating marriage or a liaison, the expression will appear natural enough.

The real meaning of *ménage*, however, is only grasped when it is seen that the word comes from the verb *ménager*, which means 'to be sparing or economical.' A Frenchman's home is not only a *ménage*, it is a place for saving money. For a nation whose men regard a well-dressed wife, a *dot* for the daughter and a respectable retirement as the purpose of life, thrift of a kind bordering on genteel poverty is a necessity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The Making of a Pact

Sunday: The experts of the Foreign Office and of the Quai d'Orsay have worked yesterday in a wave of optimism on the imminent pact with Moscow. General opinion is that the pact will be signed tomorrow. The papers are describing the progress achieved in the Russian Army, one of the best in Europe.

Tuesday: The Moscow counter-proposal has resulted in Franco-English counter-counter-proposals, which have somewhat obscured the favorable conclusion of the Pact. Negotiations are on the verge of being broken off. The Paris papers have just pointed out that the Bolshevik Army is one of the weakest in Europe. To ally ourselves with Stalin is to weaken ourselves—an error which we are not going to commit!

Wednesday: The Franco-British counter-proposal has been followed in Moscow by a new counter-proposal which can be used as a basis for some interesting exchanges of views. The desire to come to terms is evident. Tomorrow the pact may be concluded. Russia will guarantee the integrity of Holland, while we will guarantee the integrity of Lithuania. The papers are pointing out the inexhaustible economic resources of Russia and her powerful air force. The Kronstadt days are recalled with considerable emotion.

Thursday: A certain discord has ensued between Moscow, on one hand, and Paris and London on the other. Stalin now demands that we assure the territorial integrity of Finland in exchange for his support for our eventual aid to Portugal—which, however, does not particularly care to be protected. There is a visible coolness in the air. The papers are rightly recalling that Stalin having recently shot down two hundred and thirty marshals and eight hundred generals, the Bolshevik Army is completely disorganized and will not hold out for as much as a week.

Friday: More hope for the Pact. We abandon Portugal, Russia abandons Finland, and together we guarantee the Republic of San Marino. Everything is arranged. The Pact will be signed tomorrow. The papers take this occasion to emphasize the strength of the Russian Army, which, having been freed of the destructive elements that had controlled it, is now perfectly harmonious. To ally ourselves with Russia is to strengthen ourselves.

Saturday: Everything is wrong. The Government of Moscow having refused to take Baluchistan under its protection, the Foreign Office and the Quai d'Orsay have declared that they are not interested in the fate of Lapland. Besides, the Moscow Government went back on its word by talking of dropping Holland. Under these conditions, the negotiations bid fair to cease immediately. No more Anglo-Franco-Russian Pact! The papers announce that the Bolshevik regions around Leningrad are ravaged by the People's Commissars who are burning the houses and nationalizing the women. Not only that but the bullets of the Communist Army are all duds!

Sunday: Everything is arranged. The Pact will be signed tomorrow. Russia has consented, without compensation, to guarantee the territorial integrity of Monomotapa. The papers, etc. . . .

—Jules Rivet, in *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

Dictionary for Neville

A widespread feeling seems to be growing that one of the things of which Mr. Chamberlain stands most in need is a good dictionary. He has a remarkable faculty for the misuse of words.

'Intolerable,' he exclaims when English men and women are stripped and manhandled by the Japanese and made to stand naked in the street. But the dictionary meaning of *intolerable* is not capable of being borne. Does Mr. Chamberlain then find himself incapable of bearing these insults? Does he so much as exact adequate apology and reparation? Not at all. He goes on bearing them most cheerfully, and even rebukes those of his own followers who don't.

—*Time and Tide*, London

Collecting the Tribute

The teacher has entered the class room. The German salute is exchanged. The boys sit down, ready to learn, full of expectation. Suddenly the teacher would throw one word into the class—'Subscription for school ma-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terials.' It is as if something breaks down in this moment. No more expectation and readiness for new learning. Money transactions are being done. The teacher is obliged to collect the following dues: Subscription for school materials, Gau Film Pfennig, Youth Hostel Pfennig, School Home Pfennig, School Association Fee, Subscription for Union German East, Subscription for School Magazines, Subscription for the Care of the War Graves, Breakfast Pfennig, Saving for School Saving Account, Handicraft Money, Entrance Fee for School Performances, Fares for School Excursions, Sale of Youth Hostel Calendar. It is indispensable that school collections by order be reduced to a minimum, and that ways be found to relieve the teacher of his office as money collector.

— From the official journal of the National Socialist Teachers Union, Munich

Say It Again!

A peasant stopped one morning at a newsstand and asked for *Regime Fascista*, the Italian official daily.

'No more *Regime Fascista*,' was the answer.

He went away, then came back with the same question: 'Do you have *Regime Fascista?*'

'I told you there is no more *Regime Fascista*,' answered the newsdealer.

When the peasant came back the third time, however, the newsdealer was so irritated that he shouted at him: 'Why the devil do you keep on bothering me? I told you there is no more *Regime Fascista!*'

'I know you did,' retorted the peasant, 'and it sounded so good that I was hoping you'd say it again.'

—*Europe Nouvelle*, Paris

Precaution

In Berlin the premium payable on the installation of gas-cookers and heaters has been raised to 30 marks in the case of Jewish customers, in order, it is said, to insure that, if they commit suicide, the cost of the gas consumed shall be properly covered.

—*New Statesman and Nation*, London

De Gustibus. . . .

Edda Mussolini met her father one morning, visibly upset.

'Oh, papa,' she said, 'I've had a terrible dream tonight. It made me feel simply awful!'

'Really?' said Mussolini, 'I've had a very pleasant one and I'm still feeling happy because of it. But let's hear yours first.'

'Well,' said Edda, 'I dreamed that my husband has disappeared!'

'How curious,' exclaimed the Duce. 'That's exactly what I dreamed!'

—*Flèche*, Paris

Brave New World

When houses are being done up we are used to seeing boards outside giving the names of the firms employed as decorators or electricians. This spring in London a new type of notice has been added: 'Dugouts by Messrs. Blank and Co.'

—*Manchester Guardian*

Bread on the Waters

Two rebel chiefs who were spreading dangerous anti-British propaganda were recently arrested. On each was found a big packet of £20 Bank of England notes, whose numbers were taken down. On inquiry it was found that these were part of a consignment of notes sold a short while ago by the Bank of England to the Banco di Roma.

—*Europe Nouvelle*, Paris

Overseas Collaboration!

An old Chinese servant of a San Francisco family was proudly displaying the picture of a handsome woman and two fine boys about 12 and 15. 'My wife and two sons in ol' country,' he explained.

'What!' exclaimed his employer, 'you have been with us 20 years. How do you account for those sons?'

'Oh, vell,' said the old Chinese, 'I got a flend over dere.'

—*World Digest*, London

Coffee Without Colonies

Before Gretchen returns to Germany from a vacation which she spent in Switzerland, she receives a letter from her sister: 'Dear Gretchen: Please bring some coffee home. Our coffee here is abominable. Of course if we had colonies, we would have better coffee.' Gretchen answered: 'Dear Sis: I'll bring coffee home with me. But I can't understand what you write about colonies! Switzerland has no colonies, but the coffee here is fine.'

—*Nebelspalter*, Switzerland

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

France Disintegrated

France and Munich. *By Alexander Werth. London: Hamish Hamilton. 1939.*

(Aylmer Vallance in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has cause to feel grateful to the author of this carefully documented, admirably lucid analysis of the part played by France in the tragedy which culminated this year in the German occupation of Prague and the flight across the Pyrenees of the broken army of Republican Spain. For though Mr. Werth, I suspect, would hardly include the British Prime Minister in his private gallery of heroes, his book is a corrective to the argument that, in relation both to Czecho-Slovakia and Spain, all the cowardice and hypocrisy, all the readiness to betray democracy came from those in power in London, while the French Government and people were deflected from heroism by the irresolution—and worse—of their ally. That illusion is finally disposed of by this book. The France of 1937–39 which it depicts is a France rotten with 'nothing worth dying for' pacifism, led by a Government and a press for whose qualities defeatism is too kind a term.

Mr. Werth sticks closely to his style, which is that of the incisive rapporteur. Occasionally he permits himself a pungent phrase—M. Bonnet facing the Chamber tight-lipped 'like a lizard waiting to be attacked'—but in the main he restrains his antipathies and is content to let the facts work for them. On the people of France, who watched apathetically the gathering of the storm-clouds, suffered—like the Englishman in the street—a week of shocked panic, and greeted Munich with a first rush of overwhelming, unreflective relief, he passes no verdict of his own. This he leaves to two anonymous Frenchmen whose conversation he overheard in a café. '*Quel soulagement!*' '*Hm, oui, enfin. . . . C'est le soulagement qu'on éprouve le moment où on a fait dans sa culotte.*' There is nothing, it seems to me, which need be added to this description of the mingled shame and satisfaction which ordinary people in England and France alike felt at the news that the Czechs had been 'sold out.'

If I have any complaint to make against Mr. Werth's objectivity it is that he does not venture his own explanation of the basic motives actuating *les Munichois* and their suborned newspapers. It is conceivable that the British ruling coterie, typified by Mr. Chamberlain, held quite sincerely (no matter how naïvely) the view that Anglo-German partnership—cf. the F.B.I.'s Dusseldorf agreement last March—might succeed in preserving peace by carving up the world afresh. But what was M. Bonnet's objective? Presumably the French policy of *repliement* was based, like the policy of appeasement in Whitehall, partly on dread of a war for which the democracies were unprepared, and partly on the assumption that a deal could be done with Hitler which would make it worth his while to eschew adventures—in the West.

No theories on that point are aired by Mr. Werth. He leaves his readers to draw their own inferences from a recital of the facts, brilliantly marshaled and supported by press extracts which will be invaluable to the future historian. He shows how MM. Daladier and Bonnet marched step by step with the 'appeasers' in London throughout the sorry farce of non-intervention in Spain and the sordid business of extorting concession after concession from the reluctant Beneš. But in the end it was the French Government, rather than the British, who carried off the palm for 'preparing' Munich. General Gamelin's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

report on French military resources was communicated to Whitehall in a deliberately distorted form; in 'crisis week' the British communiqué promising full assistance if France resisted a German invasion of Czecho-Slovakia was described in Bonnet's papers as a 'probable forgery;' and before Mussolini's intervention the French Ambassador in Berlin had been instructed to make 'fresh proposals' which virtually accepted the Godesberg ultimatum and sabotaged any possibility of 'standing up to Hitler' at Munich.

It is a sordid picture which emerges from Mr. Werth's scrupulously fair account of the 1938 crisis from the Paris angle. He ends on a note of optimism. France, he considers, has been awakened from defeatism and treachery by the Duce's now undisguised Mediterranean ambitions and by the force of England's belated example, when the events of last March stripped the last shred of camouflage from Germany's claims to world hegemony. One would be happier if it were not for the knowledge that in Paris, as in London, the same men are in power as in September, 1938, and the same influences —dormant for the moment—are capable of reëxerting themselves.

A Nazi Views Britain

How Strong Is Britain? *By Count Pückler. Translated from the German by Edward Fitzgerald. London: Routledge. 1939.*

(J. C. Johnstone in the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London)

A TRANSLATION of a rather surprising book about England, which recently appeared in Germany has been published in England. The author, Count Pückler, a former London correspondent of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, and an intimate of Herr von Ribbentrop, addresses himself to the task of estimating the real strength of Great Britain and the British Empire in all its aspects, moral, military, strategic and economic. He accomplishes it with a moderation, detachment and zeal for truth which stand out in shining contrast to the familiar methods of Dr. Goebbels's system of 'enlightenment.'

What is chiefly surprising about the book is that it should be allowed to circulate in Germany at all. For it ruthlessly demolishes some of the major falsehoods which the Nazi propaganda machine has been so assiduously cultivating during the past few months.

Ever since the November pogroms and especially since the Czech *coup* in March, the controlled press has been trying to persuade the German people that the British Empire is a grisly tyranny created and maintained by a 'bloody terror' from which its alleged victims are always struggling to liberate themselves. Any section of the German people which may have been disposed to swallow this nonsense will be astonished at the picture drawn by Count Pückler.

From the point of view of official Nazi propaganda Count Pückler is disconcertingly candid on another topic. Great Britain, he says, dare not, under existing conditions, pursue an aggressive policy even if she wished. Being an object of envy on account of her vast possessions, she is compelled willy-nilly to conciliate world opinion 'by a strictly ethical use of her power.' In any case he considers it 'highly doubtful whether the British people would be prepared to take up arms for any purely egotistical national interest at the expense of other peoples.'

From this moral check on her policy 'it follows that no country in the world has anything to fear from her, no matter how strong she may be, providing its own foreign policy is as strictly ethical as Great Britain's is compelled by circumstances to be.' It was this, the Count tells us, that made it impossible for Great Britain to resist by force the emancipation of the Rhineland or the Austrian and Sudeten Anschluss, since in all these actions the moral case was on the side of Germany.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is internal evidence that the book was written before Herr Hitler committed the indisputably immoral act of annexing Bohemia and Moravia. Whether the Count himself was scandalized by that step we have no means of knowing. Certainly it comes within his own definition of 'aggressive aims,' which are 'aims achieved at the expense of other nations,' and such aims, he asserts, a statesman of today can pursue only 'if his own nation and its allies are so powerful that he can defy whatever circles may be involved, perhaps the whole world.'

It may be that the Count, as a devout Nazi, bitterly repents his imprudence in penning the chapter of which the pith is contained in the above quotations. But one can only marvel at the Nazi propaganda bureau permitting the German public to read so devastating an exposure of its 'encirclement' propaganda by one of its own leading publicists, and to learn that the country which is supposed to be the architect of the 'encirclement' is the very one from which 'no other country in the world has anything to fear' provided its own foreign policy follows strictly ethical lines.

In his analysis of the material factors affecting Britain's warlike strength, Count Pückler notices on the economic side certain well-known directions in which she has suffered some recent decline. Her mercantile marine, her income from banking services abroad, her overseas investments have all shrunk, her favorable balance of payments has disappeared and she is beginning to live on her capital. These developments he attributes, rightly, of course, to the efforts of other nations, especially Germany, to 'build up their prosperity' by means of a policy of self-sufficiency.

In view of these last tendencies, which the Count foresees as permanent, he thinks that Great Britain is destined gradually to become poorer. Her vast accumulated wealth is the product not of any intrinsic superiority, but of her long monopoly of industrialization in the early and middle 19th century, which enabled her to create her immense overseas investments. The most she can do now is, if possible, to maintain her inheritance. She cannot hope to increase it, nor to replace it if lost, since the conditions which permitted her to acquire it in the first instance are gone forever.

To this extent her position and prospects have deteriorated, for 'Great Britain habitually wins her wars, thanks to her sounder economic mind.' Count Pückler avoids exaggerating the present degree of the deterioration, but he does insist on one factor of importance.

This is that not only has the capital value of her overseas investments fallen, but they are less favorably situated from the point of view of mobilization for war purposes. For whereas they were formerly held to a great extent in foreign countries, notably the United States, they are now held predominantly in the Empire, especially the Dominions. But since the Dominions would probably help the Mother Country to the greatest extent of their power in any case, investments held in those countries cannot be regarded as an addition to the total economic strength of the Empire for war purposes.

On the other side of the picture the Count points out that Britain's domestic productive capacity has substantially increased, that it is incomparably better organized for war purposes than ever before, and that the post-War industrialization of the Dominions represents a great potential access of strength. In particular he mentions the value of Canada as an impregnable base for airplane construction. Moreover, given command of the seas, the Colonial Empire affords an immense and readily accessible reservoir for raw materials. Altogether he regards the total economic resources of the Empire for war purposes as still extremely formidable.

From the military standpoint he recognizes that the British Navy has a much greater preponderance in European waters

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than at the outbreak of the last war, and that the relative strength of the allied French navy is also greater. On the other hand, Great Britain has, of course, to reckon with the partial loss of her island immunity through the development of air power and also with the danger to merchant shipping as it approaches the bottleneck of the Channel. 'Today,' he says, 'the danger has arisen that the first battle, the battle of the air, will be the last battle, and that by a direct attack on what was formerly an unassailable base Great Britain will be deprived of the ability to prepare herself for the final battle.'

Moreover, the changed attitude of Italy has created new difficulties in the Mediterranean—a disadvantage, however, against which he partially offsets the friendship with Turkey, since consolidated by the mutual guarantee pact.

On the question whether Great Britain would be likely to succumb to a knock-out blow in the initial stages of a war Count Pückler does not commit himself. But his general conclusion is that 'although Great Britain is faced with more difficult strategic problems today than she was in 1914, yet she is militarily better prepared to cope with them,' and will become much more so in the near future.

As to the Empire, Count Pückler scouts the idea that it has suffered any weakening from the constitutional changes since the war. On the contrary, it 'has developed into a unique institution whose inner cohesion is greater than would appear on the surface, and it faces the world as a united whole.'

The Count warns his readers against the facile assumption that because on many occasions in recent years Great Britain has been content to accept changes detrimental to her interests with nothing more than vain protests, therefore her star is on the wane. He points out that in view of her varied and far-flung responsibilities she cannot possibly exert her full power every time one of her minor interests is threatened. Therefore, he says:—

> It is not true that a country which injures Great Britain's interests must necessarily reckon with the full force of Britain's might. It is quite possible to pull a hair or two out of the British Lion's tail without any very serious consequences resulting, and the problem of how many hairs must be pulled out in a bunch, or how often individual hairs can be pulled out, before the Lion turns is almost a problem for a sophist, something like the problem of how many stones make a heap.

The British Lion's indulgent tolerance of the process of 'strip-teasing' his tail came abruptly to an end last March, since when the services of the sophist have become superfluous. If Herr Hitler and Herr von Ribbentrop are in any danger of despising the strength of the Lion's teeth and claws now that he has turned they will do well to consult Count Pückler or his book before worse befalls them.

The Coming of the Night

Si le Soleil Ne Revenait Pas. *By C. F. Ramuz. Paris: Grasset. 1939.*

(Pierre Loewel in *Ordre*, Paris)

IF THE new novel of C. F. Ramuz does not attain the perfection of *Derborance*, which may be called his masterpiece, it nevertheless contains enough unusual beauty to persuade us that this writer, at other times so monotonous in his stubborn prose, his peasant simplicity, his *gaucherie*, has now achieved a form perfectly appropriate to his purpose, and which defies analysis. Henceforth, we will go to his works with unmixed joy, and a sense of ease in the Ramuzian 'universe.' This work may appear out of proportion to the restricted scene painted by Mr. Ramuz, which is a world of peasants buried in the mountain villages of French Switzerland. It contains truth, however, for his little people and their adventures represent a profound and simple humanity; they are people to whom nature familiarly dictates her allegories.

Derborance took place in an alpine pasture at the foot of the Diablerets moun-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tains. It was the story of a land-slide which annihilated a little party of men climbing from the narrow valley to pasture their flocks. The catastrophe never appeared strange in Mr. Ramuz's narrative, because such an event is for the mountaineer what ship-wreck is to the sailor—ever-present, ever-threatening, tying, as it were, the loop of destiny.

But that which, in Ramuz's latest novel, obsessed the inhabitants of Saint-Martin-le-Haut belongs in the category of the apocalyptic. They live above the valley of the Rhone in a little village which has not even a church, and which is so deeply sunken in the shadow of the overhanging mountain that for six months of the year—from October 25th till April 13th—it never sees the sun. A certain coloring of the sky indicates—but only on some days—that it is there, and that it has passed.

In this hamlet, which has hardly a hundred houses, a miserable hovel shelters an old man named d'Anzevui, a quack doctor dealing in miraculous herbs, and devoting himself to cabalistic studies. His head turned by his manuals of astrology, he deducts from them that the sun will never again reappear. In brief, this old man practically predicts the end of the world. He announces it in obscure phrases to several believers, who timidly spread the terrible news. It does not terrify anyone else. Mr. Ramuz doubts very much that a village even so isolated as this, which has radio and can receive meteorological observations every day from Berne or Lausanne, is likely to be frightened by an impressive announcement of the millennium.

The news is not believed except by several superstitious souls who were prepared to accept it. The old woman Brigitte, who kept house for the evil prophet, was naturally prepared to give credence to his words. Old Father Arlettaz, disconsolate since the death of his daughter, and addicted to drink, was convinced. Several others asked themselves if, after all, the somber prediction might not come true, and in this fear they made provision of wood for the eternal winter. But the terror did not spread through Saint-Martin-le-Haut where, God be thanked, instinctive rationalism was firmly anchored. Even old Arlettaz shrewdly profited by despair, selling his land at a good price. And the young men and women did not believe for a minute that their last day, like that of the sun, was soon to arrive.

Pricked by curiosity Metrailler's son climbed to a peak overlooking the valley, in order to assure himself that the great star was not dead, and saw its red disk 'looking like a severed head around which the beard and hair hung smoking.' A little expedition arranged by the wise Isabelle took the same road, as the fatal April 13th approached, to salute the return of Phoebus. And it returned; d'Anzevui was mistaken. And d'Anzevui died as he deserved. At the moment when, to contradict his prophecy, a feeble ray of sun stole into his room, the ancient Brigitte took a linen sheet which she had prepared expressly for this purpose, and stretched it over the dead figure.

This is one of the beautiful scenes in which the book abounds. I could cite many others, familiar, trivial, moving, all treated with simple and magnificent power. In his vigorous, bold art, which suggests with remarkable intensity the words and the soul of peasant life, Mr. Ramuz is unexampled. He manages to keep his incomparably light style, without sacrificing the rustic flavor so characteristic of his work.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

MOSES AND MONOTHEISM. *By Sigmund Freud. Translated by Katherine Jones. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 218 pages. $3.00.*

TO GIVE a brief review of this excellently translated work is extremely difficult, for in showing the influence of monotheism on civilization in general and on its standard-bearers, the Jews, in particular, Professor Freud utilizes the vast and complex material discovered and developed by him in his study of neurotic persons. Tracing everything back to earliest childhood, he demonstrates that all later adjustments depend on the Œdipus complex.

In the myth, Œdipus killed his father and married his mother, and studies show that every little boy is a sort of Œdipus insofar as he craves sole possession of his mother and riddance of his father. It is a universal phenomenon, which must have always existed, as shown by the dreams of children and adults. Applying these ideas and leaning on such authorities as Darwin, Atkinson, and Robertson Smith, Dr. Freud further shows that religion and other moral and social institutions had their origin in the slaying of the primordial father of the horde by his sons. This prehistorical drama left traces, which still exist in totemism and taboos of primitive races.

In the present work Dr. Freud, as it were, bridges the gap between the individual and the race by developing the idea of an *archaic heritage* of mankind, which includes not only dispositions, but also ideational contents, memory traces of the experiences of former generations. In brief, acquired qualities are transmitted to descendants, especially in the form of memory traces; that is, there is an archaic inheritance which leads from the individual to the race, or from individual to mass psychology. Having taken this step, he states: 'I have no qualms in saying that men have always known—in this particular way—that once upon a time they had a primeval father and killed him.'

From this Dr. Freud concludes that Moses, who gave the Jews their religion, was not a Jew, but an Egyptian. Moses was a follower of Ikhnaton, an Egyptian Pharaoh of the Fourth Dynasty, who during his reign suppressed Egyptian polytheism, magic and the belief in a life after death, and established for the first time in history a monotheism based on tolerance, justice and truth. The hosts of priests who thrived on the old religion naturally opposed the new religion and finally succeeded in overthrowing it very soon after Ikhnaton's death. Moses, probably a man of rank, a leader and follower of Ikhnaton, then conceived the idea of implanting this monotheistic religion on the Jews, who had long been enslaved in Egypt. He became their leader and finally brought about the exodus. It is impossible to dismiss all this as mere conjecture when one compares Ikhnaton's monotheism to the Jewish religion; the resemblances are most striking. The Jewish confession of faith is strictly monotheistic. Circumcision, which Moses imposed on them, everyone admits had its origin in Egypt, and the early Jews did not believe in a hereafter.

During their long wanderings in the desert the Jews often rebelled and finally killed Moses and adopted the worship of the volcanic god, Yahve. A new Moses, a Midianite priest, who never was in Egypt, then assumed leadership, but the old traditions continued and in time the old Mosaic religion reasserted itself, and Moses, the Egyptian, remains until this day the deified father of the Jews.

IN EXPLAINING the development of monotheism, the author shows that it followed the scheme of development of a *traumatic neurosis*. The long repressed and forgotten prehistoric murder of the primeval father attained new life through the murder of Moses and the more recent judicial murder of Christ, another Jewish leader. A feeling of guilt gripped the Jews and, for that matter, the whole civilized world at that time. It was undoubtedly a precursor of the breaking through of the repressed father-murder of pre-history. Saul of Tarsus, a very religious personality, actually traced back this sense of guilt to its original source and called it the *original* sin, the crime against God, the Father, which was expiated through the death of the Son.

One might say that all the memory rem-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nants of the archaic past were embodied in the soul of St. Paul and after an unconscious elaboration ultimately resulted in the Christian or Son religion in contrast to the erstwhile Father religion. In the latter the Jews were the chosen people of the only invisible father, God. They were distinguished from all other people through the rite of circumcision and through abhorrence of magic, mysticism, graven images, or for any worship through the senses, especially for female deities, all of which worked for a progressive spirituality and sublimation. In the new religion of salvation, St. Paul, by removing the feeling of guilt, circumcision and the idea of a chosen people, made Christianity all-embracing and universal.

As most Jews refused to accept the new religion, and adhered to the old Mosaic tenets, they dearly paid for this throughout the centuries. It is interesting to read Professor Freud's views on anti-Semitism, which, according to him, stems from two roots, conscious and unconscious. It is not true that the Jews are everywhere foreigners. Because the Jews mostly constitute a minority among other peoples, they serve as the scape-goat for the aggression of the masses. He admits that in some respects they are different from their 'hosts,' but not fundamentally so. 'They defy oppression, even the most cruel persecutions have not succeeded in exterminating them,' and they make valuable contributions to their environmental civilization.

The deeper motives of anti-Semitism come from unconscious roots. The Jews evoke jealousy in others because they consider themselves the first-born favorite child of God, the Father. Circumcision makes a disagreeable impression on others, as it probably unconsciously recalls the universal castration threat. Last, but not least, the most anti-Semitic races became Christians only in relatively recent times, sometimes under the force of bloody compulsion. They are 'badly christened,' and under the thin veneer of Christianity they have remained barbarically polytheistic. Their hatred of Judaism is at bottom hatred for Christianity, which accounts for the fact that the Nazis are against the two monotheistic religions.

Moses and Monotheism is an epoch-making work. Professor Freud here ventures into fields hitherto unexplored. The assumptions and theories contained in this remarkable book are sufficiently counterbalanced by historical facts to warrant its validity. Besides, it must be remembered that everything new must begin with speculation.

—A. A. Brill

Inside Asia. *By John Gunther. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1939. 559 pages. $3.50.*

I RECALL that, when I first went to the Orient as a newspaper correspondent in 1924, I wondered whether I would be able to tell Japanese from Chinese, that I pronounced Tientsin, painfully, as T-N-T-Sin (and got heartily abused by an 'old China Hand' who explained that Occidental natives of the North China port always call it Tin-Sin) and that I had no idea whether Shimonoseki was a kind of porcelain or a method of cooking beef. There was a dearth of factual, up-to-date literature on Asia at that time and most of the books I had been able to buy in New York were so specialized that the reading of a score of them had left me with no conception of what I was going to see.

Excellent books have been written since then but John Gunther is the first writer to get a picture of all of Asia inside two covers. *Inside Asia* is a great book and it is to be welcomed in that, for the first time, there now is available a condensed, factual account of what present-day Asia is like; the kinds of people one would meet if one went there, their problems, their aspirations, their pleasures and their sorrows. The author has used the same technique he employed in *Inside Europe*—a portrayal of modern history by painting it in terms of specific individuals.

He begins with the Emperor of Japan and, while many students will not agree with the details of the Gunther portrait, nor the semi-conclusions he draws from what he can learn about the slight, bespectacled little man who is Nippon's 'Heavenly Ruler,' the author has, at least, given an outline and the assiduous reader can go on from there.

Best chapters of the book are those which deal, sometimes indirectly, with the undeclared Chinese-Japanese war. The author draws no conclusions and, within the necessarily limited space at his disposal, gives a fairly adequate summary of the immediate causes of the conflict. His portrait of Nationalist China's wartime dictator, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, is excellent, but the brief sketch of W. H. Donald, Chiang's Australian adviser, is in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adequate and hardly germane to the book as a whole. Madame Chiang, the American college girl who rose to be—after her husband—the most powerful person in China, is described with sympathy and understanding.

The author's version of what happened at Sian-fu, when the Generalissimo was 'kidnapped' in December, 1936, and held prisoner until he had come to an agreement with his captors, leans much too heavily on Chiang's own 'diary' account of the incident. To those who long have followed the intricacies of Chinese power politics the story of what happened at Sian remains to be told. The Generalissimo's own account hardly could be expected to present more than a one-sided picture. The author is equally sketchy in his outline of the part played by the 'Young Marshal,' Chang Hsueh-liang, in the Sian affair and the events which preceded and followed it.

From China Gunther whirls us to South Asia and the Philippines, where he sees Commonwealth President Manuel Quezon as a 'genuine revolutionary,' to the Dutch Indies, Borneo, Sarawak, Siam, India and Arabia. To this reviewer the effort to integrate Gandhi, Nehru, Reza Shah Pahlevi, Dr. Chaim Weizmann, and a score of other personages, into the picture that has been built up of East Asia in the earlier chapters of the book, appears a bit strained. The fact is that East Asia is one subject and the regions to the west another.

But read *Inside Asia* by all means and read it preferably, in 'takes,' letting one section soak in before passing to the next. It's a great book for those who like an hour of reading now and then before going to bed for it falls naturally into parts which can be taken separately with a maximum of enjoyment.

—Miles W. Vaughn

The Rise of Anglo-American Friendship, 1898–1906. *By Lionel M. Gelber. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. 292 pages. $3.75.*

THIS is the most thorough study of the diplomatic aspects of Anglo-American relations in the critical years from the Spanish and Boer Wars to the Far Eastern crisis produced by the Russo-Japanese War.

The significance of the period lies principally in the rapprochement which was achieved—largely through the active initiative of strong leaders on both sides. In the American hemisphere, our Caribbean policy was being forged in the face of silent opposition in Downing Street. Beside the Canal issue, still unsettled, there loomed the immediate clash over the Venezuelan boundary question. In the Far East, our assertion of the Open Door challenged British trade primacy. At sea, the rise of American naval power forced a reappraisal of British naval—and commercial—policies. Out of these elements of discord, friction might easily have been engendered.

Instead, the responsible statesmen in each country discovered and applied formulas of compromise and adjustment which led to a considerable reconciliation of interests and an effective harmony in policy in every major area of rivalry. Here the result is traced in the policies of accommodation which the leaders on both sides of the Atlantic pursued. If criticism of Dr. Gelber's study is to be recorded, it is in his relative neglect of the social and economic factors which underlay the diplomatic negotiations of the period. These factors affect materially the contours of international action; they deserve the same careful analysis and appraisal here devoted to the diplomatic pattern.

—Phillips Bradley

Bombs Bursting in Air. *By George Fielding Eliot. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 1939. 173 pages. $1.75.*

'THE true measure of air power,' says Major Eliot, 'as a means of waging war lies as yet hidden behind the veil of the future.' But already we know several things pretty definitely. First, that the sheer number of planes does not necessarily place a country in the forefront as a military power; and, second, that air bases and excellence of personnel, not to mention the appreciation of the moral force of continuous attack, count at least as much as the quantity of machines. Regarding the United States, Major Eliot says: 'At present we cannot be subjected to air blackmail, because our cities and vital industrial centers are out of reach of the air weapons of any possible foe. This situation will endure so long, and only so long, as we keep the whole Western hemisphere *and its approaches* free of the air bases of such foes, in whatsoever guise these bases may be sought to be established.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

for 'Spain Is Weary,' in the February LIVING AGE, [p. 559]

EDMOND VERMEIL is a distinguished authority at the Sorbonne on contemporary Germany. He is the author of the significant book on that subject: *Doctrinaires de la Revolution Allemande, 1918–1938*. Vermeil regards the study of present-day German thought just as vital to the understanding of that country as the study of politics and economics. [p. 559]

GENEVIÈVE TABOUIS is not only one of the leading ladies of the press in France; she also has a good sense of humor as shown in her little article. [p. 563] Reading is not always identical with understanding what one is reading, F. J. Schonell explains. It's worth while to go through the tests he gives us. [p. 566] The third article in this miscellaneous group, by C. S. Jarvis, shows up the hypocrisy of those who condemn the blood-sports which they enjoy themselves. [p. 568]

OUR 'Persons' this month begin with a brief sketch on William Strang, in the limelight as England's representative in the Anglo-Russian negotiations. [p. 539] Serge Lifar, the *premier danseur* of the Paris National Opera ballet, writes a pathetic story of his visit to the incomparable Nijinski, mentally deranged since 1919, whom no other dancer has been able to equal [p. 540]; and we learn more of Mussolini's 'mouthpiece,' Virginio Gayda. [p. 543]

OUR BOOK reviewers include Dr. A. A. Brill, most celebrated Freudian in the U. S.; Miles W. Vaughn, Far East manager of the United Press for ten years and author of *Covering the Far East;* and Phillips Bradley who teaches political science at Queens College.

What!
Pay $500 a Year for Foreign News?

That's what we do, here at *The Living Age*. And we think you'll agree that we get our money's worth. . . . For nowhere else can you find the startling, prophetic news that *The Living Age* unearths; the authentic inside stories-behind-the-headlines; the confidential reports which give you such a revealing background picture of world affairs.

You Can Get It All for Only $7.50!

Much of the valuable and truly *inside* material from the hundreds of foreign publications which we receive every month naturally has to be omitted from *The Living Age*, because of lack of space. This dramatic and authentic wealth of news we are now passing on to our subscribers in the form of *The Foreign Observer* — a weekly news-letter written by the editors of *The Living Age*. Originally intended for the private use of editors, the demand for *The Foreign Observer* by students, research men and the general public has grown so great that we are now able to offer it to *Living Age* subscribers at a special low price.

If you are already a *Living Age* subscriber, you may now enjoy *The Foreign Observer* for a full year — 52 issues — *by sending in no more than an additional $1.50!* If you are not a subscriber, you may get *both The Living Age* (monthly) and *The Foreign Observer* (weekly) for *only $7.50!* Start getting our private tip-sheet next week — simply mail the coupon below.

THE FOREIGN OBSERVER

THE FOREIGN OBSERVER LA-8
420 Madison Avenue, New York City

☐ I enclose $1.50 for a full year of *The Foreign Observer*. I am already a *Living Age* subscriber.

☐ I enclose $7.50 for a full year of *The Foreign Observer* plus *The Living Age*. I am not a *Living Age* subscriber.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

P. acto. P.>1
by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED